no. 6

THE GRAPHIC

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The Graphic

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

CHARLES LAPWORTH, - - - - - Managing Editor

Vol. 51 AUGUST 10, 1917 No. 6

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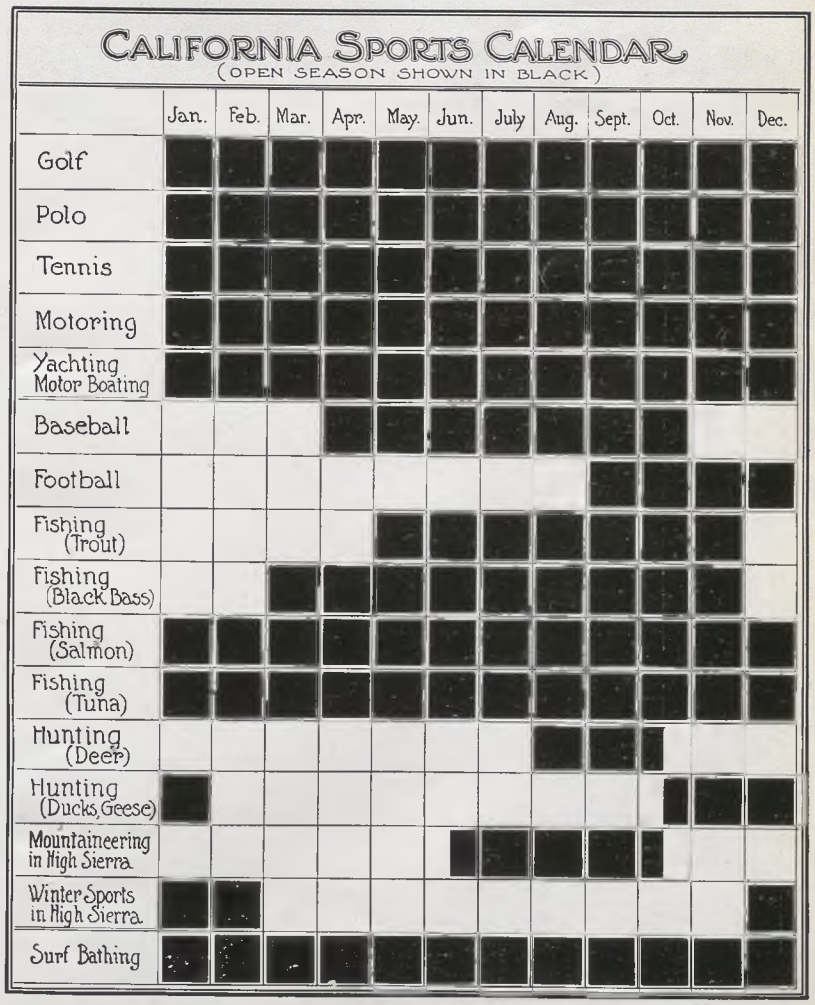

A SUGGESTION...

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But no matter what the weather may be, *there is a charming place in Los Angeles* where one may have luncheon in comfort because the air is filtered and the temperature always the same.

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The Cuisine
The Service and
The Central Location

of the

INDIAN GRILL

Hotel Alexandria

The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Goodale Bigelow

MISS IRENE GROSSE

One of Pasadena's most popular women, and typically representative of Southern California's great out-of-door life. An enthusiastic equestrienne, Miss Grosse is also fond of motoring and other open-air recreations. She is a graceful dancer and is considered one of California's most smartly gowned women

NOTES OF THE WEEK

As Kipling might have put it, we have to stop trying to kill the Kaiser with our mouths. It is admitted that some of the lesser authorities in the United States, who issued orders that there should be no war talk, were ill-advised—Mrs Partington and her mop were not more ineffectual in sweeping back the tide—but they might turn their attention to a few of the men "higher up." For instance, it hinders rather than helps to have a supposedly responsible man like Secretary of Labor Wilson telling the Kaiser to go to hell for seven days a week. For goodness' sake let us leave all such vulgarities to Billy Sunday. There is often more trouble caused by the irresponsible utterances of responsible men than can be undone by months of fighting. Winston Churchill, who was afterward taken from his position as First Lord of the Admiralty, lost a lot of prestige for the British Navy by his declaration that if the German ships would not come out of the Kiel Canal and fight, he would dig them out like rats. Further oratorical indiscretions on his part had a great deal to do in provoking the Gott-strafe-England campaign, which was equally unprofitable to the Germans, who are today impatient when anybody mentions the Hymn of Hate. In former years the Kaiser, himself, was the chief sinner in indiscreet invective, until he received that historical reprimand from the Reichstag; when in so many words they coldly and formally requested him to keep his mouth shut unless he could keep better guard over his tongue. In the past month, however, the Kaiser was quick to seize upon a rash remark made by Sir Edward Carson, the present head of the British Navy; a remark which some of his colleagues have been at some pains to explain away. Obviously without consulting us, Carson declared that it is the intention of the Allies to drive the Germans beyond the Rhine; and Wilhelm, just at a time when his people were in a dangerously revolutionary frame of mind toward himself, was able to point to this remark as corroborative proof of all he had been telling them of the sinister designs of the Allies to wipe the Fatherland off the face of the map. We do want talk about the war, but only the kind that will enable us to get clearer in our minds the sacred principles for which we are fighting. We are mobilizing our million men, and perhaps not all of them have yet learned their credo. Let it be given to them in dignified form, and they will fight all the better for understanding it. The soldier soon learns that he cannot kill the Kaiser by shooting off his mouth; would that the undisciplined civilian and politician could practice a voluntary censorship in this regard. If the ship of state is to forge ahead at present, we have no steam to waste in blowing the whistle derisively.

The definite appointment of Mr. Herbert Hoover as controller of the food supply has revived the discussion of dictatorship; for there are many people who sincerely hold that a dictatorship is incompatible with a democracy. That, surely, depends both on the dictatorship and the democracy. Skeptics say that it is a farce generally when a democracy runs a war; that there is always a dispute as to who shall be the leaders and who the led; who shall be in the front line of battle, and who shall fight with field-glasses from the top of a distant hill; and that, sooner or later, if they are to be successful in their military operations, they will be obliged to appoint a dictator. On the other hand, the advocates of pure democracy argue that disaster may accrue to a state if the dictator should be unfitted for his responsibilities; and that there is less danger in trusting the people to govern themselves. Now there is no denying the fact that our own so-called democracy was so lazy mentally, so insensible of its own moral obligations during the first two years of this war, that others who were making sacrifices of blood and treasure in upholding the principles of democracy against a powerful military autocracy had some excuse for questioning whether the United States, the land that had always led in the struggle for liberty, had not now been softened into insincerity by the wonderful prosperity it was experiencing as a direct result of the war. President Wilson eventually called to us and asked us to fight until we shall have made the world safe for democracy. And we responded with a million men and some money, a little ashamed that we had been so tardy in coming to the aid of the democrats of Europe, but determined to carry the fight to victory. Then we discovered that we were not at all agreed on the way we should go about it. Wisconsin urged one line of action; and Oklahoma urged another; indeed, in these two particular instances it was rather inaction that was urged; and so, after we had declared war on the Kaiser, in order that we should make some show of really meaning business, the President asked for a handful of dictators. Realizing that so much valuable time has already been wasted, we are granting them to him in the hope that Hoover and the others will measure up to their tremendous responsibilities. We have to win the war, and as quickly as possible; so quite voluntarily we are entrusting the President and his dictators with plenary powers over our lives and destinies, without any qualifying talk about referendums, or majority votes, or any other forms or reforms, held precious by democracies, begging them to speed the wheels of organization so that the United States can get in an effective blow on the battlefield of Europe. But if we are to have dictators let them be the real thing.

EXALTATION

Swift wings of mine
Cloud ye the ears of all the spheres
With your dull throbbing?
Shall a star assail me!
Beat the frothy ether into light!
Mad light . . . to goad the sight with tears!
Frail ecstacy! What star shall brave my path
Without I shatter into splintered spears—a star
Or satellite, tho' tremulously near!
Could dreams come true . . . . .

E. D. T.

BY THE WAY

SOUTHERN California mourns the loss of one of her strongest and most dominating characters since the death of General Harrison Gray Otis, a fine fighter, a man of strong and persistent principle, and a great newspaper man. Notwithstanding the mild and kindly attributes conferred upon him in the addresses made across his bier at the memorial service, dominance was the stern keynote of his character, and loyalty to principles and ideas rather than to persons. It was said in those perorations that he would make any sacrifice for a friend. Our impression of him was greater than that. Rather would he sacrifice any friend, if needs must, for a principle in which he sincerely believed.

And it was this very dominance, unflinching, unafraid, which made it possible for him to be such a tremendous factor in the rapid and healthy development of California in general and Los Angeles in particular. Even those who disagreed with him, even his enemies, admitted and admired his amazing strength of character. Men never seriously accused this man of insince ity, no matter what cause he advocated. He has been accused of supreme vanity. Let us call it rather supreme self-confidence, which makes it possible to pursue a big idea to conclusion.

The bare record of his life, unembroidered with eulogistic comment, is testimony enough to his character. Enlisting as a private soldier in the Civil War, he won through to a colonelcy in three years on sheer merit. In the Phillipines he won his higher titles, strictly for meretorious service. He has held numerous federal and civil positions of high responsibility, he founded a great newspaper and maintained it at a high standard, and in Southern California he was an important factor in all those big enterprises and developments which have transformed this part of the country from "the wild and woolly west" into a big, progressive, metropolitan community.

His fight against the encroachments of organized labor was the dominating principle of his later years, and all the world knows the price he paid for it. But the policy of his paper never swerved, and his personal fearlessness never faltered. Right or wrong, General Harrison Gray Otis was a strong man, which made his faults stand out with greater clarity, faults which would seemed insignificant in a smaller man. And so at the ripe age of four score years he has passed on, leaving a life of achievement behind him, sincerely mourned by a grateful community which, even in those times when it opposed him, knew him for its friend.

But he did not want to die. If ever a mind resented old age and infirmity it was that of General Otis. For the last two years he had to force himself to activity, drive himself to "carry on". Many a day when his doctors recommended rest in bed, the dominating old man would insist upon rising and going down to the Times Office for long hours during which it took every ounce of his persistence to keep up. He was ashamed of his faltering steps, and brusquely brushed aside offers of aid with a stern pride. To fetch him a chair while others stood was no way to win his heart, although he would be compelled to take advantage of the courtesy. The spirit still so strong, the flesh so weak. It was this whole-hearted resentment of old age which played so large a part in maintaining many of his aged confreres on the Times. There are numerous employees on the Times past seventy years of age who have seen service with him for twenty and thirty years. To dispense with their services would have been an acknowledgment of the disabilities of age, which he would never admit. Any complaints about their work were resented by him as much as as if they had been made against himself.

We may be sure that death did not find the General resigned. He fought off the inevitable to the end with the same dogged determination with which he had fought opposition throughout his life. But as he lay on his bier, there was a splendid serenity about his fine countenance. May he rest in peace. He seems to have won his last battle after all.

THE LATE HARRISON GRAY OTIS

General Otis was a veteran of two wars and the creator of a great newspaper

THE GALLANT COLONEL

COLONEL J. P. O'Neil, in command of the military camp at San Diego in the Exposition grounds, is just the sort of good-humored Irishman that his name implies—beloved by the whole regiment. Which may account for the fact that the efficiency of fifty of his sergeants was such that they were promoted to officerships and snatched away by a greedy government on the eve of a sumptuous dinner party—a la Waterloo. Colonel O'Neil has many of the attributes of the famous Colonel O'Dowd in "Vanity Fair", but Mrs O'Neil bears no likeness to the flamboyant spouse of that historic figure. Mrs. O'Niel is a gracious, gentle little lady, who holds court at the Grant, and whose hubby comes home to meals as regularly as his duties will permit. Colonel O'Neil has figured in thirty-two battles; but was only once hit, and that in the heel of his shoe, the bullet going clean through it, and shattering the shin of the man next to him. He wears the ribbons indicating a score of honors won, and yet manages to look as if he had never done anything more serious than exchange badinage with smiling dames. But this does not prevent all manner of people seeking his advice. College professors sit at his feet, and to .hem invariably, insists on the paramount importance of such courses as electricity and mechanical engineering, both during the war and after. The big Boy Scout camp at San Diego has been named for him—"The J. P. O'Neil Camp"—and he is looked upon as their patron saint.

FOREIGN HEROES

THE two young French aviators, Lieutenants Mairesse and Marguisen, who arrived at the Military Aviation Camp at North Island two weeks ago as instructors, have managed to create no end of a social sensation in that brief spell. Both are youthful—not more than 23— both slight and infinitely polished, with just that attractive, deceptive dash of shyness that is so disarming. They are weighted down with war distinctions, won under supreme dangers, but have not yet acquired the swagger that sometimes accrues. Both speak delightful English, with the gallant manner—and both find themselves submerged in dinner and dance invitations which, if all were accepted, would leave little time for imbuing aviation prowess to ardent young Americans. The foreign heroes w o come to us these days must have strong heads and stout hearts, for the girls certainly do their level best to jeopardize both.

TRAVELLER DE LUXE

JOHN S. Cravens, of Pasadena, has once more departed with his family on their annual trip to the Thousand Islands, one of which belongs to them. There have been delightfully fabulous tales of the Cravens' wealth, probably based to a large extent on these annual excursions de luxe, for the journey is made in sumptuous style on a special car a la that famous railroad journey described in Kipling's "Captain Courageous," wherein the paternal railroad magnate commandeers the system of the country that his special train may reach Canada in the northeast, by the shortest and quickest route, from California in the southwest. The Cravens invariably take wi h them, and .hey always have a j.l y go d .ime, numerous friends. This time Charles E. Orr, the Scot golfer is one of them. Mr. Cravens is a vice-president of the First National Bank of Los Angeles, and has wide financial interests all over the country. The Pasadena home is one of the show places. And it was John S. Cravens who made the Midwick Country Club possible. He put up all the money for the land and clubhouse at a very modest rate of interest and was one of the charter members and directors. One well remembers the original heartburnings of that list of charter members, which was frankly considered to represent the creme de la creme, the inner exclusiveness of society. There were just about a hundred of them, and those whose names did not appear, spent a horribly explanatory time of it. Irate charges of snobbery were banded around—the more so that initiation fees were not high, albeit membership was attractively difficult. Midwick has been able to maintain the standard it set for itself pretty well under the guidance of John S. Cravens, and a though the ultra-exclusive barriers have only been lowered at discriminating intervals, it has its full complement of members.

BY THE WAY

THE Honorable H. M. Hurd is a bachelor who has long since reached years of discretion and dedicated his life to altruism. Lots of altruism. For he is a member of the executive board of the Florence Crittenden Home, and the Women's Training Home knew him for their enomical treasurer up till last week. The courage of the man! For naturally his conferers are mostly women; but he declined to be submerged. He resigned from the Training Home under the persuasive influence of Mrs. E. R. Brainerd on Tuesday night but not before he and one of the ladies had told one another what they thought of each other. The senator was quite reckless with his ultimatums. "Never again!" was on his lips with sarcastic ferocity throughout the meeting. How they misquoted him! He was declared to have said he would raise hell at the Home. So in fear and trembling all the inmates had been removed before Hades was invoked. He denied it indignantly. Hell, indeed! His mind hinges on nothing but Heaven. He may have said that a few little matters needed attention. He drew a pathetic picture of himself carrying groceries and meat down to the Home for the Sunday dinner. He sighed for the base ingratitude of woman. He is rather proud of his stern addiction to duty. There was the regrettable incident of Margaret for instance. Margaret was suspected of leaving the Home to meet men. He was the chosen admonisher, and ordered her to remove her presence. Then the lady wept on the probation officer's shoulder, and declared her innocence to such purpose that the official heart melted, and Margaret stayed. The honorable orders countermanded, egad! Which however, reflects to the gentleman's credit. How much more scandalous if the case had been reversed and it had been the senator's shoulder upon which the forlorn young lady wept! It is dreadful to think of the sentimental softness that will pervade that Home now that the Senator has resigned.

ANENT THE PROHIBITIONIST

WHILE the Prohibitionists are pursuing their stern campaign for the abolition of the Demon Alcohol, it is interesting to remember how that attractive Scot, Capt. Ian Hay Beith, D. S. O., who lectured in Los Angeles a few weeks ago, felt upon the subject. He had been through the mill in the first two terrifying years of the war, and knew whereof he spoke. And he regarded the campaign to deny the soldiers alcohol, as sheer fussy persecution. We had no conception, he told us, of how merciful a stimulating drink could be on the battlefield, to whet the waning courage, to relieve the bitter pain of the cruel wounds, to hearten up the perhaps dying man. That magic nectar which, for all its crimes, can take the edge off misery for a brief kind spell, infuse waning vitality, and give resistance another spark of energy! Captain Beith did not touch upon this subject from the platform out of respect for our prejudices, but he felt very keenly upon it. If the stimulating drink had no other claims to virtue, it justified its existence on the battlefield, when human endurance was at its last gasp. The Red Cross service, he said, found it invaluable as a heartener to help the men bear their pain in those long dreary, wretched interials, before the wounded could be cared for. Even the most unrelenting of Prohibitionists must have been moved by the gallant captain's testimonial to the extenuating virtues of the banned beverege.

REVIVING THE DEAD

WILLIAM R. Hearst has purchased "Puck." As a reviver of dead ones Hearst is without an equal. First he took over the "Cosmopolitan," from John Brisben Walker; then "Good Housekeeping," which nearly broke a Springfield, Mass. concern. Then "The World To-day" of Chicago, which they had previously tried to give away, and now, "Hearst's Magazine." Next in order came "Harper's Bazaar"—and now that good old institution, "Puck", whose familiar motto "What Fools these Mortals Be" seems apropos of those misguided mortals who tried to keep it going in the face of diminishing demand and high cost of production. In publishing circles one hears the question "What will Willie do with it?" We wait and see. W. R. H. has necromantic powers.

LIEUTENANT MORGAN ADAMS

Prominent young Angeleno, commander of a revenue cutter and on active duty "somewhere afloat"

LEO CARILLO

THERE is not a blue-blooded Spaniard in California who is not related to Leo Carillo, the clever young Thespian who has just closed his engagement in "Lombardi Ltd.," at Morosco's. He was the guest of honor at a supper given recently by Miss Lucretia Del Valle, daughter of Senator and Mrs. R. F. Del Valle, at San Gabriel, and so many persons whose names are surrounded with electric bulbs every night were in attendance that the one who had no such illumination attached to him felt as if he were very dull indeed. Mr. Carillo was as full of merriment as usual and it is a dark night that he cannot make glitter with his bon mots. He is a cousin of the De La Guerras of Santa Barbara. Mrs. Diblee, one of the daughters of the illustrious commandante's house, is the mother of Miss Ynez Diblee, the graceful dancer. For a long time Miss Diblee's family fought against her going before the public as a dancer, but it was useless, and she finally gained her point. A sister, Carmencita, married Francis F. Underhill, of Montecito, and the two are ideally happy.

BEN SCOVELL IN FRANCE

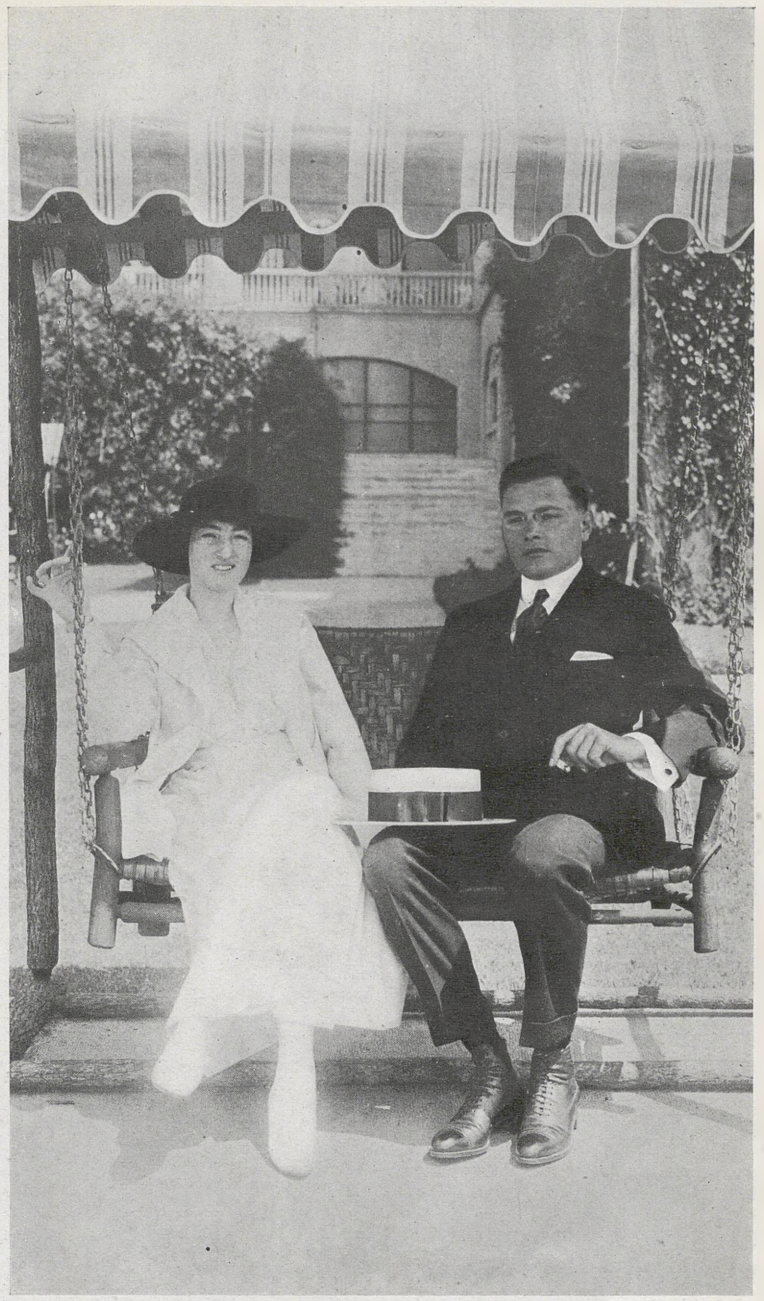
MEMBERS of the Los Angeles Gamut club and many others friends, will remember the genial and jovial Ben Scovell, who used to conduct an elocution and dancing school. He recently returned from France, where he has been "doing a bit" of entertaining for the soldiers in the hospitals and billets. He put in sixteen weeks near the front, and after a short tour in the East, expects to return to France next winter and do more entertaining before the audiences that, of all in the world, are the most eager to be entertained. In a letter he tells of a concert given near Lens, after the days cannonading had subsided, in which three wounded men participated with him. Sergeant Blake, blinded, but playing on a fiddle made from a biscuit tin, Sergeant Major Parker, playing a little organ that Scovell carried with him, and Sergeant Johnson singing with a pleasing tenor voice. As they sang Carrie Jacob Bond's song, "The End of a Perfec Day," the two thousand men in hearing joined in the chorus—a fitting chorus, for many of them were near the end of their day. Mrs. Bond showed me a letter from Scovell, enumerating the many situations in which he had heard that song piece sung by the soldiers. Truly, it must be a joy to the composer to know that she has given so much pleasure to men so sadly in need of it.

JOEL FITHIAN

JOEL Fithian, of Carpinteria, friend of Stewart Edward White, may go to the front. Mr. Fithian is a splendid looking man, every inch a soldier in carriage and general appearance. He has a fine estate in the Santa Barbara suburb and enjoys life to the uttermost. His sister is the wife of Chester Alan Arthur, son of the late Chester A. Arthur, vice-president of the United States during Garfield's time, and president after Garfield was assassinated. The Arthurs have an estate adjoining that of the Fithians and good roads are especially dear to the group. Some years ago the supervisors were slow in putting through a mile or two of road that had been asked for. One of the property owners at the country club, one night, suggested to his fellows that they get together and do the work themselves. There was an astonishing unanimity of opinion and within two days the highway was obstructed by all the paraphernalia of roadmakers; those doing the work were not members of the exclusive colony either, but the best men to be hired in the county. Some time later, at the same country club, if I am not mistaken, a man remarked that it would seem polite to ask the supervisors "out to take a glance over the new road." The invitation was extended and accepted and the supervisors were greatly pleased at the superb work done but, as an old fellow whispered to one of the hosts, with a sly wink: "Really, you gentlemen went too far; you'd orter ev let us in on it; we'd be in our rights ter hev y' pinched." But the road is a boulevard and none is "pinched" so what do we care!

Some Guests of the Hotel Virginia

Mrs. Frederick Fairbanks and her son, Charles Warren who, with Mr. Fairbanks, and daughter, Cornelia, are summering at Long Beach



Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Kemmler, Jr., have been recent guests at the Hotel Virginia

—Stocking

Masters "Burly" and Allan Pattee, sons of Captain and Mrs. Harry Pattee, of Riverside.

Marie Louise, Barbara, and Julius Kruttschnitt, the happy children of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., of Phoenix, who come yearly to California

Coronado's Summer Season is at Its Height

Mrs. Margaret Spear, who has deserted New York permanently for this popular resort; and Miss Betty Niles, of Honolulu, daughter of the late Major A. M. Niles, U.S.A.

AQUA-PLANING IS AS EXHILARATING AS BRONCHO-BUSTING

International

Miss Katherine Richards, of Coronado, is a perpetual amazement to her friends because of her feats of derring-do

Miss June Braun, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Braun, is an exceedingly talented young woman. She is a sculptress, a writer and a traveller

—Harold E. Taylor

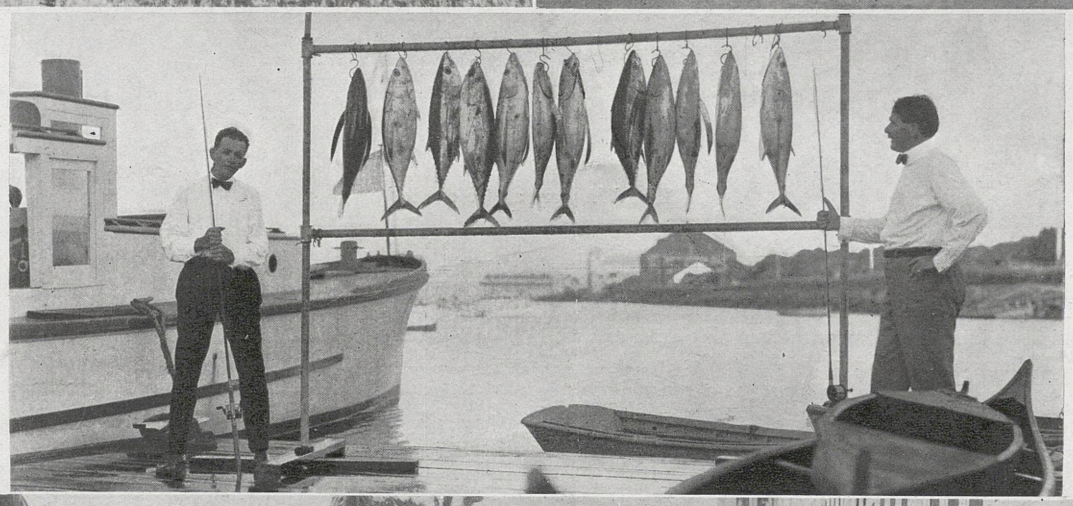
Mrs. Royal Charles Colman, of New York City, and Master Royal Charles Colman, Jr. Mrs. Colman is well known in artistic circles. She is a portrait painter, and produces much of her best work in her studio at Gotham

Mrs. John Towhy, of Portland, Oregon, and her two small daughters, Mary Lu and Patricia. Mr. Twohy is a railroad contractor, and is at present "putting through" the new line to Imperial Valley

TRULY WONDERFUL VARIETY OF PASTIMES

Martha, Lorene and Kathilene Soden, the small daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Soden, of Kansas City, Missouri, who come every summer from their Eastern home to pass several months at Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Townsend McKeever, of Chicago, and Miss Mimika D. Dietrich, of Baltimore, starting out for a morning's ride down the beach.



—Harold L. Taylor

Center picture is one of Mr. Gerald Cudahy, of Chicago, and a working hotel manager, well pleased with their collection of yellowtail. The dansant has become an established institution. And why not, when one may dance to an excellent orchestra with ocean obligato

Down Among the Warriors Bold

By BECKY SHARP

WHEN I heard that that simple, trusting little Amelia was down at San Diego amongst the warriors, unchaperoned, your Becky did not hesitate in her duty. Silly little thing, Amelia. What do the men see in her?

When I arrived at Hotel del Coronado, she was surrounded with 'em. They had no eyes for a poor little hardworking Becky—just at first. But Amelia told them how nice I was, the dear girl. And Amelia every now and then can be very advantageous. She said her dear Becky had come down for a rest—quite the most frisky rest I have had for some time. Waterloo wasn't in it for handsome masculinity "with a pretty leg". I fell straightway in love with Captain T. B. Alexander of the Washington National Guard, who had just attained his J. M. A.—that means Junior Military Aviator; but the absurd man was disconcertingly pre-occupied. And I had no greater luck with Lieutenant K. G. Pulliam, of Kentucky, also a J. M. A., who was quite absorbed in mamma and papa, who had come down to do him honor.

"The Warriors at Coronado"

Darling Amelia just hated to encroach upon my rest—but would I like to visit the army camp, and that dear Colonel O'Niel? He, you know, is in superior command—so I permitted myself to be persuaded. Amelia drove me over in her sporty little car. It was quite sickening how the Colonel gushed over her. He so obviously tolerated me for her sweet sake. He is a jolly twinkling Irishman with very blue eyes; and his headquarters are in the old Indian encampment in the Exposition grounds. It was most impressive the way the orderly piloted us up a narrow little ladder to the mud "fort" which is so picturesque. And we found the Colonel beaming in a little room on a swivel chair in front of a big desk, hugging a telephone. And there was a modest little bed in the corner, hiding behind a pink flowered cretonne screen, and covered with a purple Theda Bara quilt. It seemed so funny to picture the bold warrior colonel tucked up for the night in that. The orderly stood on guard at the door, and personable young men in khaki were bustling to and fro, looking frightfully important.

"The Colonel was trying to look sad"

The colonel was trying to look sad because fifty of his sergeants had been whipped off and elevated to officers; but he was really highly proud of the distinction conferred upon his camp. Amelia looked shy and said she would like Becky to meet Captain Hartz—in his unofficial capacity. It appears his official capacity is to come in looking very brisk and businesslike when lady visitors outstay their welcome. Three mild little heel taps on the floor brought Captain Hartz up forthwith. He is the colonel's very good-looking first-aide, tall and slender and dark in the pale interesting sort of way. A bachelor, too. I do hope I sighed effectually.

Colonel O'Niel has a charming wife who lives at the Grant. But when he sprained his ankle recently, that did not prevent all the charmers in town from besieging him with thoughtful little attentions—especially one little Christian Scientist who practitioned for him with fearful and persistent ardour. Horribly embarrassing to be so popular.

Before we left the colonel he gave Amelia a military badge which gave her freedom of the camp. How the dear thing preened with pride! That badge proved an open sesame wherever we wanted to go. It was awfully exciting to drive through the exhibition grounds, and be challenged by a naval soldier with a big gun and bayonet, who, however, gave us the respectful salute, and waved us onward directly Amelia exhibited her magic passport. We went to all the forbidden places and came upon a vast company of navy soldiers (they are sailors above the waist and booted warriors below, and carry guns) eating an open-air lunch. They stared at us delightfully and Amelia beamed upon them quite brazenly in her shy way. The artful minx.

Of course the Hotel del Coronado is the headquarters for the officers, both naval and military, when they have any liesure. We had a perfectly scrumptious dinner party one evening, given by that soft-eyed Mr. Van Surdam. The angel sat me between naval Lieutenant Ashly and the military Lieutenant Candie, and straight opposite the handsome Captain Alexander. Your humble little Becky made such heroic endeavor to act up to her distinctions.

And isn't it calamitous? They are not allowed to serve any drinks stronger than water to the army or navy. But of course, all the ladies could have all they wanted. So with a view to increasing my popularity, I coaxed the wine boy to give me four cocktails. And no gallant protector of his country could allow my reputation to be hazarded with that dreadful row in front of me, now could he? So they didn't. I was so grateful to them.

Admiral Fulham has two adorable aides in Lieutenants Walker and Man-

"Only Soft Drinks for the Army"

ley—both bachelors and terribly attractive in their snowy uniforms. This poor Becky's heart was in dreadful jeopardy. But Katheryn Miegs had a monopoly of their attention. Really it is difficult to take the slightest interest in a mere civilian with all those stylish military and naval men around. Young Mr. Anjier, in civilian evening dress, was only able to get a look in by explaining how he was enlisting right away.

The aviators are utterly fascinating. There are two young Frenchmen on the scene, just arrived from the war-zone as instructors. They are Lieutenants Henri Marguisen and Robert Mairesse, both bachelors, and very young, very French, very gallant, and delightfully shy. But Oh, my! aren't they just being spoiled? Even the timid little Amelia must needs make a most unnecessary tour of the dining room so as to pass their table and give them a surprised little smile.

Lieutenant Lloyd Shultz, of San Francisco, is a new pupil at the aviation school. And two other attractive beaux are Lieutenants F. B. Lyon of the Seventh Cavalry, and F. I. Eglin of the Second Indiana. One just gazes at them with a yearning heart—until one dances with Lieutenant Candie, a merry cavalry officer who fox trots to Paradise.

Colonel A. L. Dade, commander of the Aviation Camp, is a delightful fellow. He is just learning to fly himself now—couldn't stand having these youngsters cut him out. We went for a wonderful launch trip to North Island; but it requires all sorts of mysterious passports to even go near enough to hail. It is a wonderful sight to count nineteen areoplanes in the air over one's head; the picturesque little bay seemed alive with 'em. They came down low enough to signal to us and give the girls a flutter.

But it is quite heartrending how they come and go. One no sooner gets romantically interested in them, than they acquire their graduation laurels and flit away. Amelia, with her magic badge took me to call at Captain Robert Jones' headquarters at the camp—and he had just been transferred to Chula Vista. Then we heard it was frightfully interesting out at Linda Vista, that big new army camp they are creating out of the wilderness. Melville Wright said we must positively drive there—the heartless monster. It was a thousand miles of the most sinful roads you ever struck, a foot deep in dust. And it was a hot day; and we got lost ever so many times. But we struggled heroically on, only to find a dreary hot stretch of inhospitable land, and a supercilious sentry who told us to go away. But we paid Melville out. We told him we had a lovely drive, that he must positively go himself, and that the handsome aristocratic Colonel in command was named Melville Wright, too, and claimed relationship. Very well then.

So after we had another jolly dinner party, and listened to Mr. Van Surdam singing adorable love songs with liquid tenor notes—Amelia thought he was singing them to her, but of course, I knew they were really to me—we felt better. We agreed it was perfectly alright for both of us to fall in love with the tenor, because he is enlisting, and is a famous athlete as well; and we could easily picture how personable he would look in uniform. But, of course, it is not good form to have a case on a civilian just now, is it?

I shall certainly run down for another "rest," and chaperone dear Amelia again. The sweet simple trusting girl needs me.

Not Mosquitos, but Aeroplanes

PIERROT - - By WILLIAM VAN WYCK

Mesdames and masters, children, one and all
Come to the sound of fife and violin,
Come to the roar and laughter and the din
That pulsates in my gaudy, smoke-filled hall—
Where Pierrot hopes, despairs. But heed my call,
And rousing welcome you will find within.
What if the paint be thick or mask be thin?
You will be far away before they pall.
Here are my mines that play their little play.
We are the toys and baubles of an hour,
And to amuse, we say our little say.
Pierrette in white, Pierrot with face of flour
Charm you from life. One moment in my tent—
There we shall cheer the weary and the spent.

The play is on. Before a garden gate
There stands a sleek Pierrot in white brocade,
Guitar in hand, that sings a serenade
In high falsetto, with love desperate,
And somewhat weary (for the hour is late).
With spirits flagging, all his chords ill-played,
He silent waits now, heartsore and dismayed;
For all the neighbors do his zeal berate.
Now swift a-flying from their angry call,
Fleet-footed, sour, wraith-like, white of face,
Sullen and brooding, and in dire disgrace;
There comes from yonder fence a caterwaul—
(For Tom and Tabby violent disagree)—
Pierrette behind the blinds laughs roguishly.

Adown the road in gleaming white Pierrot
Is drooping, sighing for his Columbine.
Now sped is pleasure, spilled for him the wine
Of love that made his body tingling glow
To passion's gold and purple ebb and flow
That did his face with joy incarnadine.
But Love (to him once laughing and benign)
Has left him weeping where the moonbeams throw
Their yellow motes across his face half-hid,
And streaked with disappointment's tears that run
In bleared, salt-courses down the flour cheek.
Where is sweet Columbine that pouting chid
Him roundly, half in earnest, half in fun?
Alas, she is too far away to seek.

Pierrot by postern-gate where ivy clings
Watching the lichened wall where lilacs blow,
With hands in pockets, strutting to and fro,
Has ceased a moment his philanderings.
Awaiting ardent message that love brings,
And finding time a laggard, weary, slow,
That circles in the fountain's water show,
Idly therein white pebbles round he flings.
And now the old gate softly opens, where
The lilacs to the clinging ivy talk.
Who is it that comes down the garden walk?
Not dainty Columbine so lily fair,
But raging Harlequin quite jealous, tall
How lightly Pierrot vaults the garden wall.

In the old market-place a stone-carved stair
Leads to the fountain where the horses drink.
Idle and leering by the fountain's brink
Stands Pierrot listless, dull, but debonair,
Lulled by the noise and bustle of the fair.
The busy hucksters peer, and gape and blink
(Beneath the colored lamps that flare and wink)
At dashing Pierrot lazy standing there.
But suddenly his boredom dies away,
Beside the statue in the blue arc-light
He sees his Columbine in gleaming white.
Now once more happy, sparkling, dashing, gay
He swiftly rushes to her many charms,
And proud and playful swings her in his arms.

Hunting of Ducks and Geese

By DR. E. A. SALISBURY

MANY of the sportsmen of Southern California imagine that it is necessary to belong to a Gun Club and shoot on a preserve to get the limit of ducks. I have belonged to a number of Gun Clubs, but I have invariably found my best shooting in the open grounds of the state. Dustin Farnum and I made several trips this last fall and returned each time not only with the limit of ducks, but sometimes of geese and quail as well.

The average sportsman does not study the habits of wild game and imagines that all he need do is to go to some pond, sit up in plain sight, and wait for the birds to come in to him. Shortly after the opening of the season the birds become very wise, and it is necessary to use great caution to understand their habits thoroughly in order to get the limit, especially when many sportsmen shoot each week over the place that you choose for your hunting expedition. The average hunter has little patience, and when the birds are flying he will invariably shoot at them out of range. Ninety per cent of the ducks killed in

MR. FARNUM GOES THE LIMIT

Southern California are killed within a forty yard range. Occasionally you will kill them at over sixty yards, but it is usually a waste of ammunition to fire at this range.

A few years back hunters believed it necessary to have ten or twelve gauge guns. Today a man who considers himself a sportsman will not shoot a gun larger than sixteen gauge, and if he is a fair shot only a twenty gauge will be better adapted to his use. The average man can follow his bird better with a light sixteen or twenty gauge gun than he can with one of larger, clumsier caliber, and it has been proven that these smaller bore guns will shoot just as hard, strong, and far as will those of larger gauge. The diameter of the pattern of a sixteen or twenty is a little smaller than that of a twelve gauge, but the handling of the gun is so much easier that this offsets the heavier charge of the larger.

Mr. Bernal Dyas informed me that hundreds of inquiries were made by sportsmen as to where they could find good duck, geese, quail, and rabbit shooting. For the benefit of these sportsmen Mr. Farnum and myself were induced by Mr. Dyas to exploit the game districts within a radius of two hundred miles of Los Angeles. On each of our trips, comprising not more than three days at the longest, and generally only one or two days from Los Angeles, we have invariably returned, as I have said before, with the limit and have experienced no difficulty in getting it. One of the best districts is to be found in San Joaquin Valley from Bakersfield to the upper end of Tulare Lake. Countless thousands of ducks, the majority of them sprig, mallard, canvas-back and widgeon, make their headquarters on and in the immediate vicinity of Kern Lake, Grouse Lake, Buena Vista Lake and Tulare Lake. Between Buena Vista Lake and Lake Tulare; the district has been planted to rice, and the birds found in this neighborhood are fatter and in better condition than those of any other district of Southern California. The geese in this district are so plentiful that we had no difficulty in killing the limit in but a few hours' shoot.

The best plan to pursue in shooting geese is to watch their early morning flight. Shortly after daylight they begin to move from one field to another in the same district. Now it is that the hunter with experience has the advantage over the amateur. He watches these geese work for a few minutes and then places himself in their line of flight. The method Mr. Farnum and I used to good advantage in our last shoot was to burrow ourselves in the ground in the middle of a field, then gathering a few bunches of weeds or stalks of dead grain, we placed them close about where we were lying. This should only be high enough to cover the body while lying flat on one's back. A great high pile will make the geese shy off when coming over.

As soon as the first few geese have been killed, they should be staked out as decoys. The method we use is to place a stick through the bottom of the bill so that the head will stand up; and the geese flying overhead imagine these dead ones to be alive and here feeding, and, as the eyes of the geese are much keener than those of the hunter, they will immediately wheel over the decoys, and if the hunter will keep from making a movement of any kind whatsoever, they will generally come in so close that he will have an opportunity for a close range shot. the average amateur hunter, however, gets nervous, and will follow the flight of the geese by moving his head in order to watch them. This is fatal because the least movement of the eyes or head will frighten the geese and before a shot is possible they will be out of range. A little experience, in allowing them to come over without moving, and judging by the speed at which they are flying when they will be just over and within range, will soon produce results.

In duck hunting, as in goose hunting, decoys are a great help. Many artificial decoys may be used to good advantage, yet the placing of a small stick under the head in shallow water will meet with good results. To watch his birds and study their habits is the best advice I can give any sportsman. Watch where they are flying, or where most of the birds are congregated on a pond, and within range of this spot build yourself a blind that will hide you well. This blind can be made of any brush near at hand that resembles closely that of the surrounding landscape. An extra half-hour in building this blind will be worth many hours to you later on.

DIANA AND THE DUCK

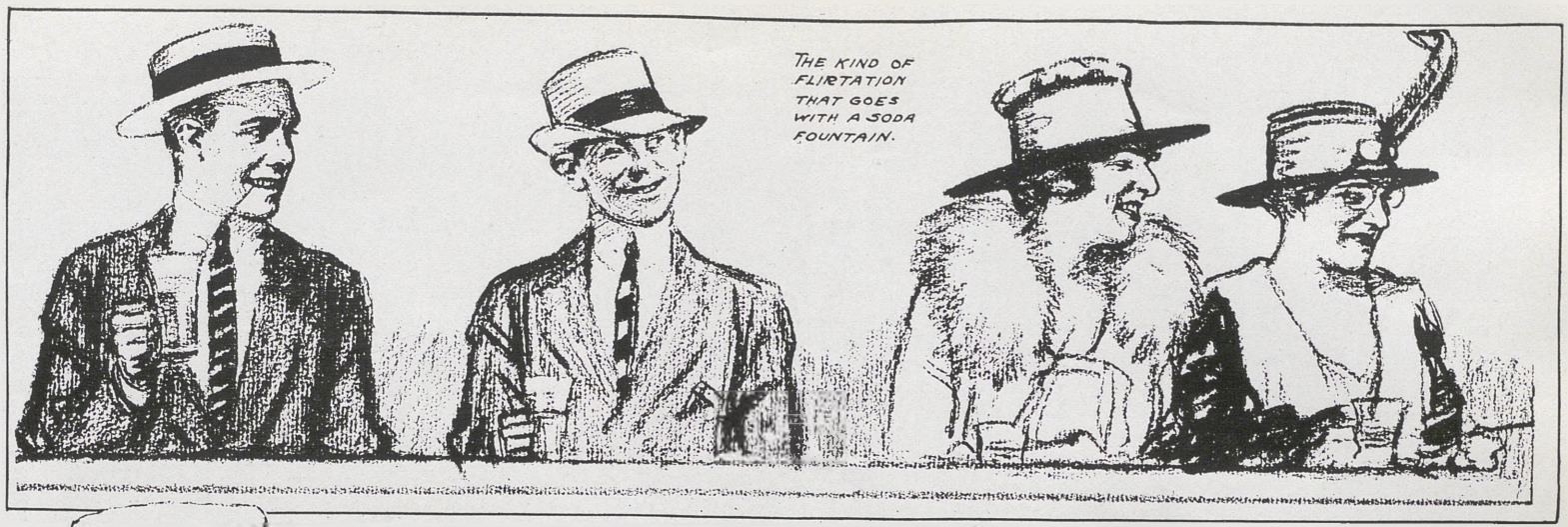
Nearly all amateur hunters and sportsmen are of the opinion that it is necessary to use heavy shot for ducks and geese. From experience acquired in the last twenty years I have proven to my own satisfaction that I do not need larger than number six

JUST A HANDFUL

chilled shot for any bird in America. During this season's shooting I have killed a number of limits of large ducks and geese, and at no time have I used shot larger than number six in a sixteen gauge gun, and ninety per cent of it has been number seven. On the last trip to Bakersfield I killed two limits of geese with number seven shot and many of these were killed at a distance of fifty to sixty yards. Many of them I had to lead ten or twelve feet to make them center the charge.

In speaking of the amateurs and the hunters who have not been so successful, let me add a little advice —nine out of ten of them shoot too quick. There is plenty of opportunity of getting two shots when a bird is within close range. Stop and think how many times you have shot both barrels and then wished that you had waited, as the bird was within range for some time afterward. Keep cool; judge the distance of your bird and the rate of speed at which he is going; and, when you are sure you are right, pull the trigger. Don't get excited.

In the immediate vicinity of Los Angeles the quail have been pretty well shot out or frightened into the brushy steep parts of the hills. There it is almost impossible to get good shooting. In and about Elsinore, Capistrano, Hemet, Banning, a number of large coveys are known to be, and, when properly handled by hunters of experience, these birds are driven into the flats and scattered and good shooting results. But if you have a day or two to spend and want to be assured of good hunting, I would suggest that you take a trip down to Indian Wells, Indio and Coachella Valley. There you will find countless thousands of quail in light sage brush not more than knee high and in nearly every wash from Indian Wells to Coachella. It is a good plan when you scare up a large covey of quail to shoot them as soon as they leave the ground. This frightens and scatters them. Then the thing for you to do next is to watch where they alight, start running, and run around the outside of them where they have alighted. Then come into them, thus so demoralizing them that they will scatter and hide in every conceivable little piece of brush or cover. They hold to cover in the middle of the day very much better than they do in the mornings or evenings, and when you demoralize them by first shooting and then going on the other side, they will hold cover so close that it will be necessary for you to almost step on them and kick the brush and whistle and make all kinds of noise to raise them for a shot.

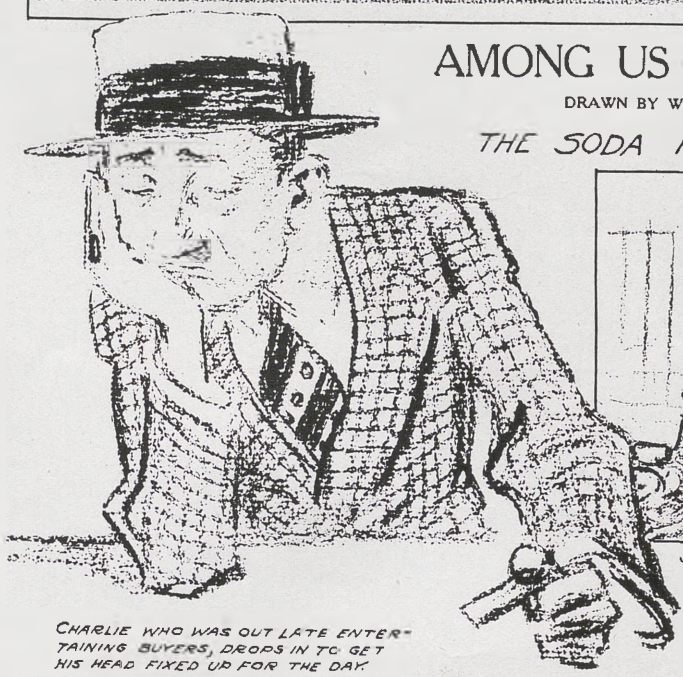


THE KIND OF FLIRTATION THAT GOES WITH A SODA FOUNTAIN.

AMONG US MORTALS

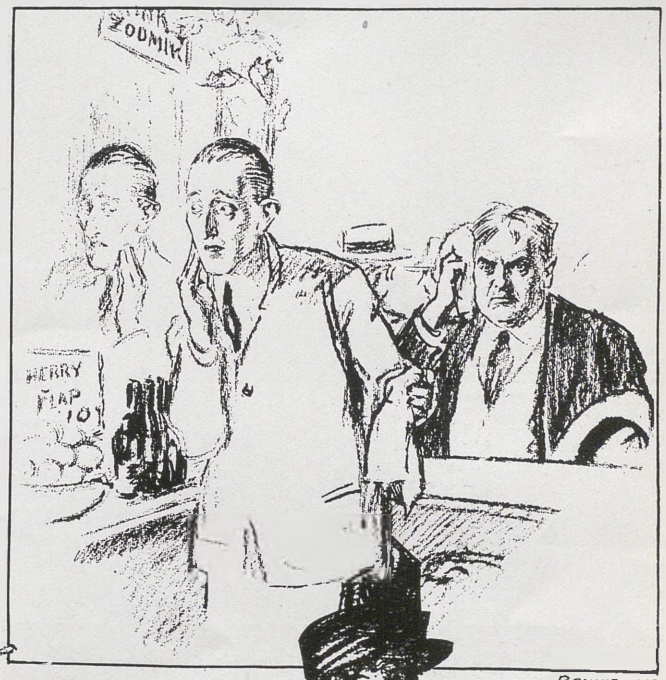
DRAWN BY W. E. HILL

THE SODA FOUNTAIN



CHARLIE WHO WAS OUT LATE ENTERTAINING BUYERS, DROPS IN TO GET HIS HEAD FIXED UP FOR THE DAY.

JENNIE WHO WORKS AT THE CASHIER'S DESK EXPLAINING TO SOME ONE THAT SHE HAS ONLY ONE PAIR OF HANDS.



BENNIE, WHO IS GIVING HIMSELF THE ONCE OVER IN THE MIRROR, HAS DISCOVERED A BLEMISH, AND THE CHANCES OF MR BEEMANS GETTING THE NUT SUNDAE IN A HURRY ARE SLIM.

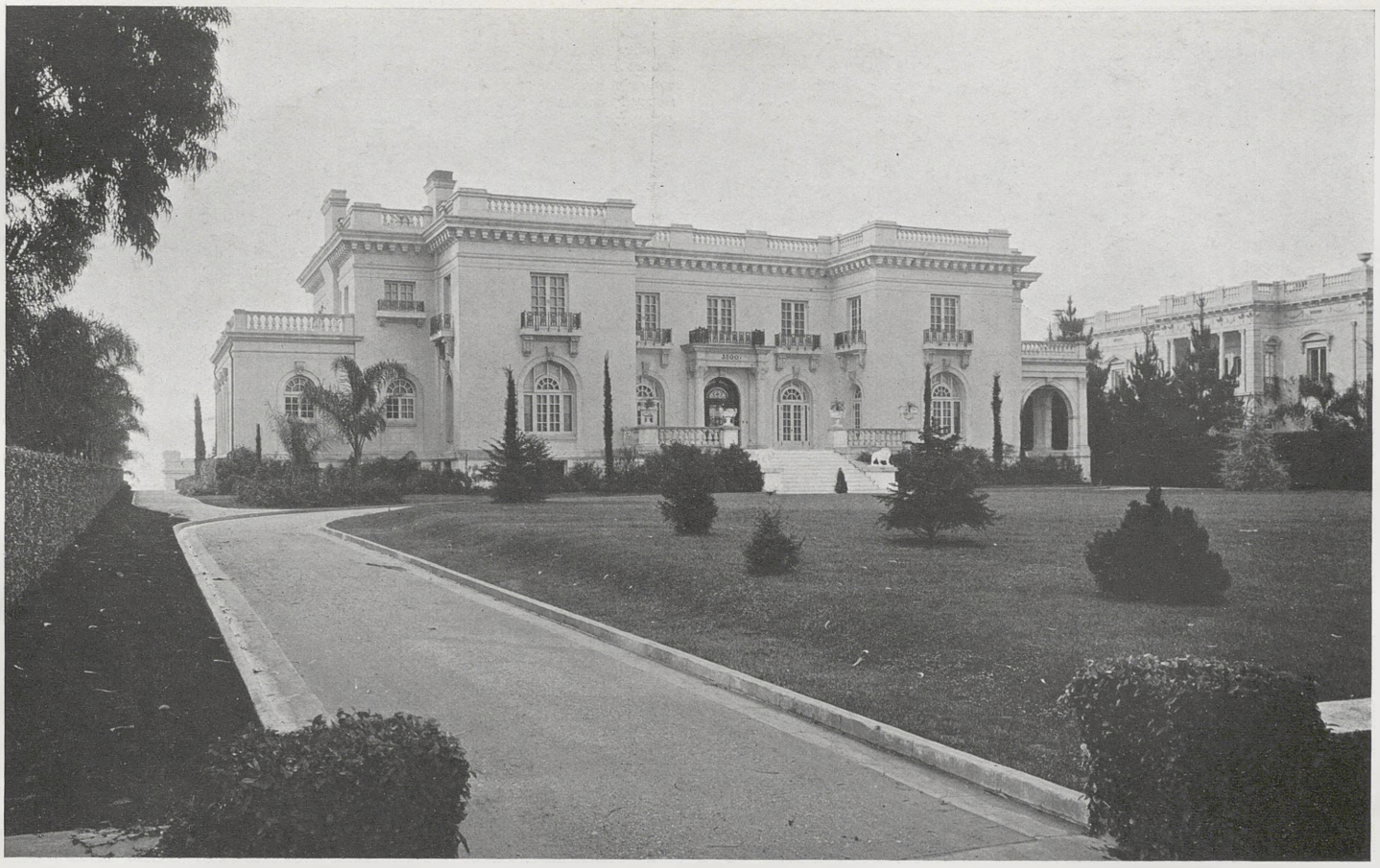
"JUNIOR—FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T MAKE SUCH A NOISE—YOU SOUND AS IF YOU WERE GARGLING!"

"AND YOURS IS—?"

THE LADY WHO WANTS "THE SAME THING THAT YOUNG MAN IS HAVING—IT LOOKS SO GOOD" WHICH HAPPENS TO BE CASTOR OIL IN ORANGEADE.

THE SANDWICH WHICH IS ALWAYS A WEEK OLD NO MATTER WHEN YOU HAPPEN ON IT.

Representative California Homes—No. II



A TRUE RENAISSANCE VILLA

The house, with its pure Italian lines, crowns a gentle slope of green lawn

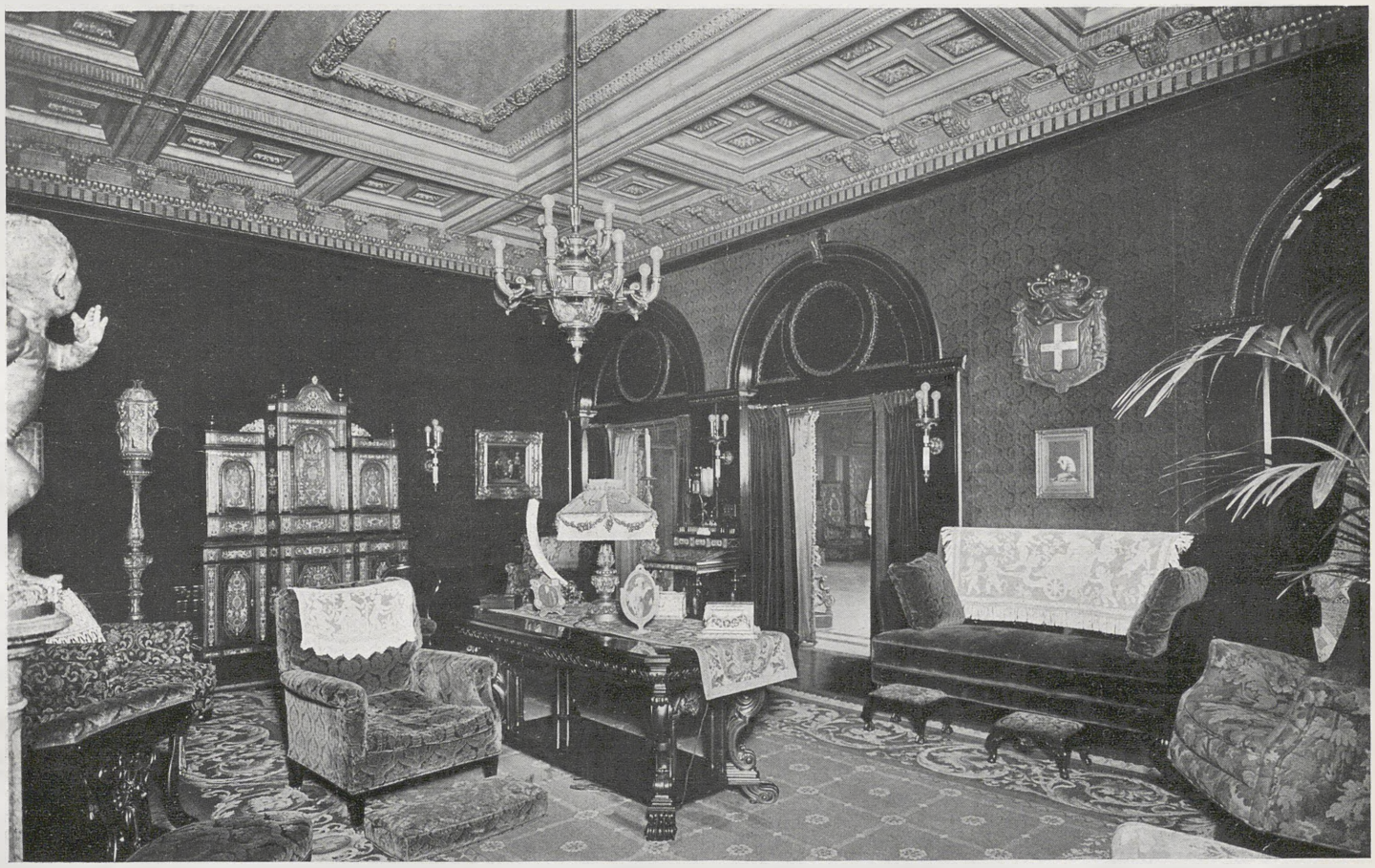
THE SPACIOUS RECEPTION HALL

The hall, with its marble floor, and frescoed ceiling, recalls those of the old Roman palazzi

House of Mr. and Mrs. Segundo Guasti

THE SOUTH LOGGIA

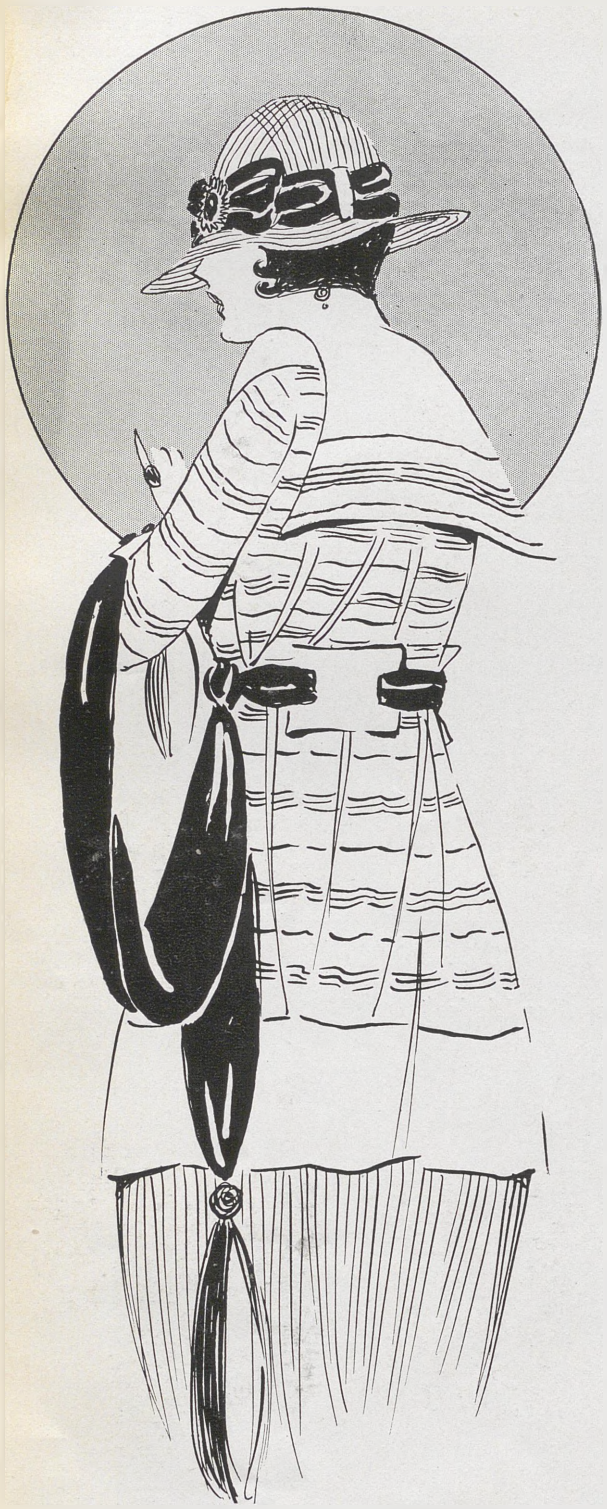
How inviting is this cool retreat in the summer season, and it is always summer in California



THE DRAWING-ROOM

This room carries out the Italian atmosphere, and is richly furnished in objets d'art of the seicento

New Modes Desc



When American beauties add their color to the whiteness of their sister roses, and deliciously plaid a silken coat, as in case of the one from Mullen & Bluett's, and then dye a soft satin hat in the heart's blood of their leaves, do you see how any woman can resist them?

No. 1 Redwood, from being a fragrant romance of California forests has come to mean a lovely color in fall fabrics, as proved by this suit from Bullock's. The hat is one of the new saucy tams.

These hats were discovered a
conspiring to make soleil, panne
velvet Fashion's favorites this fall.

WHEN is a collar?" and "Why is a cape?" are questions just now upon Fashion's lips.

Many of the collars never know when to stop, and capes never know when to begin. Collars which start out to be just collars, keep on until they are tunics, extending to the knee-bend at the back, and often they are caught by a belt or girdle. Capes, failing to recognise that it is the business of a cape to be a garment, remain just collars, more or less overgrown. Many capes, in fact are mere appendages to a coat or suit, leaving the real work of creating warmth to the collars, which were not born to such an estate, as everybody knows.

Even the sailor collar of the handsome new sweater pictured on these pages, keeps reaching and reaching, until it is able to nearly touch the waist line. The sweater, one of the new knitted and fitted shapes, is a rose-leaf pink, and the collar—just to still further prove that it has a will of it's own—is blue and is the fluffiest of angora, in contrast to the plain yarn of the garment. So is the broad band around the skirt; and the cuffs, seeing how lovely the two colors were when both were French and crystal clear in tone, hastened to do their bit by being blue for contrast with the sleeves. Then, not to be outdone by their associates, the buttons turned blue too, and the sash ran right through the straps at the sides of the waist and dipped its ends in blue for about three inches from the edge. This lovely sweater drew as a marching mate one of the new girl-scout hats, with never a whit of trimming save the cord around the crown such as army officers wear.

A group of hats surprised at Robinson's, had their heads together planning millinery mischief in the way of new features for Fall. "Hats will be large and broad of brim", whispered one. "And some will not be so large and will have bell crowns", murmured another. "But some will be upturned of brim, and will flaunt paradise plumes despite the law", said a handsome dressy hat of black soleil, faced with velv grain ribbon. The one of Lyons velvet upon cords. Its face was of turquoise fa sessed a novel arrangement of fluttering peeping out on an opposite side. The belle velvet, boasted the new bell crown, an demurely folded wing-fancies in black an

Silk sweater coats, having had things their to yield an inch and to reinforce their dominati popular colorings. The pictured one, from Mull Beauty and white. Not satisfied with a soft girdl also marked its waist-line with a belt, which it girdle passing through it by means of slits. He deep beauty of the rose prevails over the paler sash. The hat which this stunning sweater ha satin, with a soft, round crown and rather narro knows whether it is satin or some strange new guided on its way by stitched bands of satin; square-ended bow attached, tells it when it had

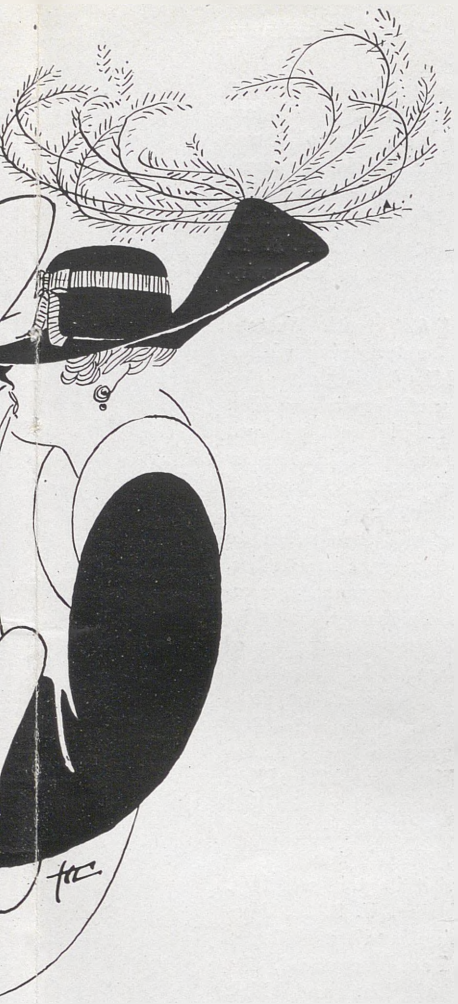
The new colors for autumn and winter wea seasons past, the neutral shades of earth and Fashion's atmosphere. Lest, however, the asse many warm shades of red have been adopted, exemplified in the California red-wood. Especia younger generation, some of the newest suits and

Portrayed on these pages, is a miss's suit of shade. The coat, built upon long slender lines surfaces reflect the color of their surroundings. tecting the honest-to-hand pockets on either si than their share in helping the pretense of pock which was attracted to this suit is one of the ne slit recklessly over satin and then, as if repent pointed along each slitted edge. The same fr downward upon the drooping brim, which is flar of satin ribbon, serves to say "complete".

Another piece of testimony as to the youth of Bullock's, where both were seen, is a frock f youthful figure should essay this style, which em handkerchief linen, the top runs to greet the c voile, and many buttons of white carved pearl ha same story with the long sleeves, the tunic effect by over-buttoning the striped goods to the reversed in front, and the never-absent girdle i wraps the figure round and round.

The hat with this—it's playfellow one migh they both—is of knife-pleated taffeta. The rou crown gives an especially artless air, which is un of trimming, a plain gros-grain ribbon band anc of the newest hats.

Jersey, so long a dominant note in modes fo has never been as heartily appreciated in our cou long in favor, and is declared to be still apprec



overed at Robinson s
il, panne, and Lyons
this fall.

vith velvet and top-banded with narrow gros-
velvet was round crowned and softly shirred
quoise faille, and one side of the crown pos-
luttering ends of gros-grain ribbon, the loops
The belle of the group, an oyster white panne
own, and had for its only trimming a pair of
black and white.

gs their own way so long, are just bound not
omination, have come out in all the new and
om Mullen & Bluett's, is plaided in American
oft girdle of the plaid, this greedy garment has
which it makes public only at either side, the
lits. Heavy silk thread tassels, in which the
e paler color, terminate the long ends of the
veater has betrothed is of American Beauty
er narrow brim, all stitched, until it scarcely
nge new stuff. The soft encircling band, is
f satin; and a buckle of harness silk with a
n it had arrived.

inter wear are more subdued than for several
rth and forest having, seemingly, tinctured
the assembled effect should be too sombre,
dopted, and none more lovely than the one
Especially suitable for the garments of the
uits and coats are in this inspiring tone.

s suit of long napped worsted in the red-wood
der lines, owns a wealth of buttons, whose
ndings. Buttons also do their share in pro-
either side the long coat-skirt, and do more
of pockets underneath skirt flaps. The hat
f the new youthful tams in velvet, the crown
f repentent of such rashness, painstakingly
same frankly simple embellishment extends
ch is flanged with satin. A loosely tied band,
".

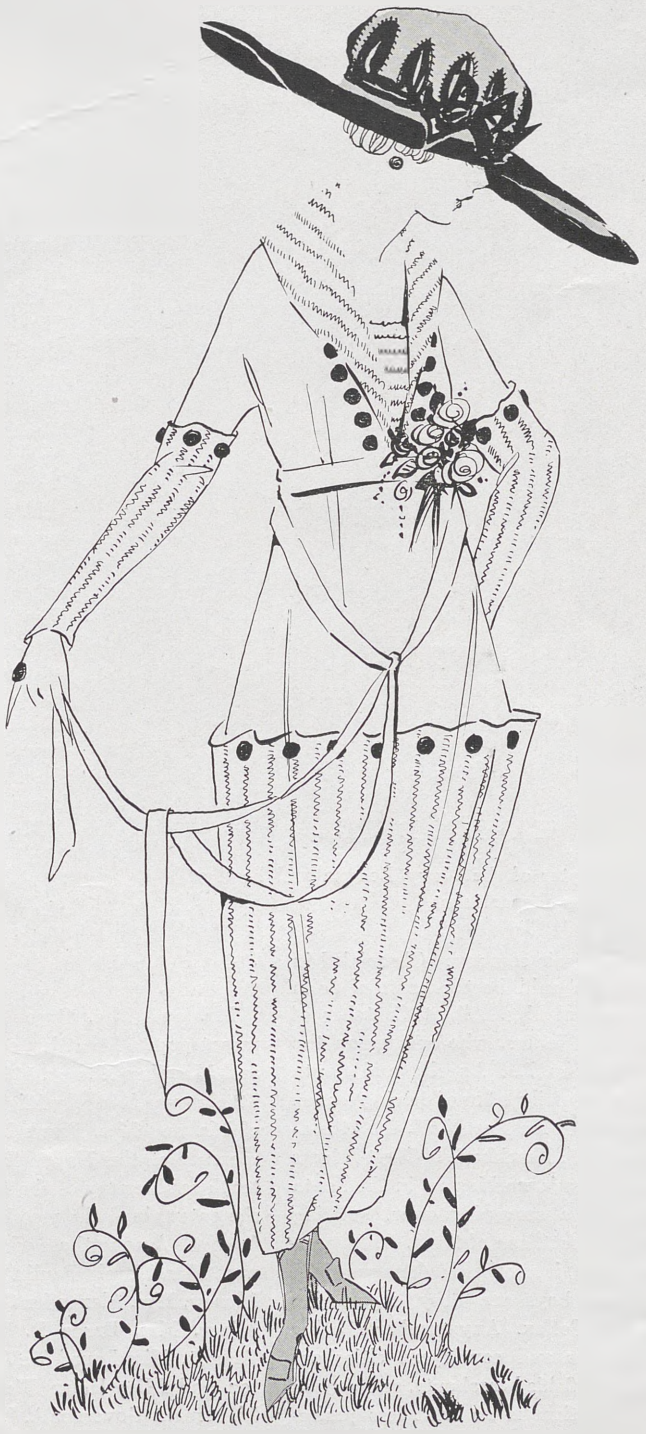
e youthful possibilities of the Misses section
a frock for late summer wear. None save a
which embodies the cartridge tunic. Of white
eet the overfolding tunic d'eponge stripped
pearl hasten eagerly to join the two. It is the
nic effect being gained there in a similar way,
to the plain. The eponge voile collar is
girdle is in this case of plain linen, which

one might say, so youthfully charming are
The round, upturning brim and low round
ich is unmarred by sophistication in the way
band and tie acting as sole finish to this, one

modes for both dressy and serviceable wear,
n our country as in France, where it lingered
ll appreciable. Both in silk and the worsted

"The rose is pink, the for-get-me-not blue, of all French colors for me those two." Thus might we vers libre over the flowery tints of that knitted coat, which seems to fold one in the dainty depths of its coloring. The girl-scout hat which bends fondly above it, is infatuated with it too. Desmond's.

Handkerchief linen and d'eponge striped viole in white, and a multitude of white pearl buttons, all joined hands to make this late summer frock one to regret that seasons pass. The hat with it is companionable, too. Bullock's.



weave, jersey has one unforgetable virtue: It does not wrinkle. Another of its good qualities is that, however made, it clings so closely to the form as to bring out the best of both the youthful and the over-stout, since in the latter case, the lines upon which suit or dress is cut may be depended upon to conceal while seeming not to do so. No superfluous bulk embarrasses the the wearer of jersey.

Serge, which has taken French taste by storm, is appearing in new suits and dresses for Fall. Black and navy are the favorites, and serge, from being the peasant of the fabric-world has become an aristocrat. Conjoined to silk, satin, chiffon and brocades; trimmed with rich embroidery, in beads of silk and even set with jets, serge may be pardoned for becoming a trifle "heady".

Gabardine, serge's relative-in-law, somewhat resembling whipcord of other days, shares with the finer serge, its prestige. Especially in white is gabardine a favorite, and in the fabrics for Fall and Winter it divides popularity with the heavier worsteds and long-napped materials.

The latter, under various titles, all surnamed Duvetyn, seems unable to forgo its hold on coats. The colors taken on by this suede-like cloth are marvelously soft and pleasing, and will go far toward holding the affections of those who like rich attire.

The first rather crude attempts to introduce the patriotic colors into dress, have settled to a boutonniere in the tri-color, somewhat subdued by means of films of gold or silver sheen.

Stockings are becoming works of embroidery art, some bearing upon the arch a line of finely worked nosegays, or wreaths in harmonious coloring, lavender and blue with touches of green foliage, or tiny lilies of France in contrasting tints to the silken mesh of the hosiery.

Something has been said about hand-painted sash ends and hat bands for bathing suits. Of course the painting is in water-color?

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

IT is difficult to follow the fortunes of the boys who have gone out into the great adventurous "somewhere," but the meagre bits of news that drift back from these brave Southern Californians is eagerly snatched up and spread among their hosts of friends. One of the lads from whom most recent news has come is Bob Elliott, the younger son of Mr. J. M. Elliott of the Los Angeles First National Bank. Word from him was received a few days ago that he was shortly to sail for France, the date for his departure having already passed, so that the next message from him will bear the foreign postmark. Dr. Archibald C. Macleish who was one of the first of the Los Angeles volunteers is among those who have recently left for the indefinite "somewhere", having been on duty down in Florida for several weeks. Dr. Macleish, who relinquished a splendid professional career in order to proffer his services to his country is assistant surgeon with the rank of second lieutenant. Then there is Morgan Adams from whom comes back an occasional bit of news as may pass the censors without cutting. It is Lieutenant Adams, now, and if report is true this young Los Angelan ranks as lieutenant-commander aboard a revenue cutter. Another Los Angeles boy, and one who is believed to have already tasted of real naval warfare, is Nelson Taylor, son of Mrs. A. B. Taylor. Lieutenant Taylor, a senior in rank, is somewhere on the Atlantic coast at present, having only recently returned from France, where he went as an escort to the Pershing contingent. That he had a thrilling experience was Lieutenant Taylor's only comment on his trip. Incidentally, Lieutenant Taylor comes rightly by his patriotism and his love of things military, for he is the son of the late Captain Frank Beers Taylor of the Ninth Cavalry, and the grandson of the late Colonel R. M. Taylor of the Twentieth U. S. Infantry. Adding to the diversity of the family service, however, young Lieutenant Taylor has chosen the navy, while his brother, Arthur Taylor, has been commissioned a first lieutenant in the engineer corps. "Tip" Rodman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman of Los Angeles, and more formally christened Willoughby Rodman, Jr., is still in Buffalo where he has been doing four or five months of hardwork mastering the intricate skill necessary for the hydroplane branch of the U. S. aviation service. His brother, barred for a time by an inability to pass the physical examination, is now ready for service in the ambulance corps. The Banning boys, Hancock Banning, Jr., and George Hugh Banning, are in zealous training, the one in the east, and the latter up at the Presidio. Joseph Banning, son of the Joseph B. Banning also of Los Angeles, is "doing his bit", too, and so it goes. Scarcely a family but which is avidly receiving news with a personal interest from one of the boys on duty in the vague "somewhere."

There should be a paen of praise sung for Southern California's youthful patriots who are serving their country by arduous labor in the harvest fields. These lads are emphatically the stuff of which heroes are made, for while their older brothers can, at least, bask in the pride of brass buttons, a natty uniform and the thrill of actual service in the army or navy, these "too-young-to-enlist" boys are patriotically laboring strenuously in the less glorious fields. It is interesting to note that these youthful artisans of the plow and hoe, pick and drill and team-hauling work, are many of them from the homes of wealth; boys who might be yachting, fishing or luxuriously motoring during their vacation days—if they so desired. But by choice these same lads are working blisters in their hands and "cricks" in their backs, toiling diligently beneath the summer sun, "doing their bit" for their country. Chronicled in this roster of honor should be the name of John Crutcher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Crutcher of Los Angeles, and Nat Jeffers, who are up on the Canejo Rancho, between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, engaged in the daily labor of driving teams. Then there is young Stephen Kerckhoff, the fifteen-year-old son of the H. H. Kerckhoffs of West Adams street, Los Angeles, who is working up in the Santa Cruz mountains with a surveying crew, building dirt roads. Joe Lippencott, son of the J. B. Lippencotts, with Guinn Allen, is another of these youthful patriots. These two boys are busy engineering in the power plant at Colfax. Any number of other lads from Los Angeles and contingent cities are engaged in the harvest fields hereabouts, and certain it is that their patriotism is no whit less praiseworthy than is the service their brave brothers are performing in the other fields.

Goodale Bigelow

MRS. WALTER HAMLIN DUPEE

First Vice-Regent Coronado Chapter of the Navy League and head of Red Cross Department

Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Knecht of San Francisco are receiving the congratulations of friends both here and in their home city over the arrival of a wee daughter, who is to be given the old family name of Martha Jane. Mrs. Knecht was formerly Miss Mary Lindley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Lindley, Menlo avenue, Los Angeles. Mrs. S. K. Lindley has just returned from a visit to her son-in-law and daughter.

Miss Helen Van Vorst of 615 South Western avenue was a recent hostess, entertaining with a bridge luncheon in honor of Miss Doris Fredericks. Miss Fredericks is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. John D. Fredericks of 559 South Ardmore avenue and is home for her summer vacation. She is a student at the Pennsylvania University and will soon return to Pittsburg to resume her studies.

Mrs. Ralph Crossman, formerly Miss Lucile Zander, and Miss Florence Parmelee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z. L. Parmelee of Oak Knoll, Pasadena, are visiting in the north. A part of the time they are to be the house guests of Mrs. Sarah Miller Siler, who formerly resided in Los Angeles, but is now a resident of Raymond, Washington. They will also visit Captain and Mrs. Thomas Steere, U. S. A., Mrs. Steere being and remembered as Miss Lora Woodhead, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woodhead of the Bryson Apartments. Mrs. Howard C. Warren, was, before her marriage Charlene Woodhead. Mr. and Mrs. Warren live in San Jacinto. Mr. and Mrs. Woodhead and their daughter, Miss Florence Woodhead, have just returned from visiting Mr. and Mrs. Warren.

Mrs. Marshall Stimson, who for some time has been living at her ranch near Glendora, is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Woods Woolwine. Mr. and Mrs. Woolwine are now quite settled in their new home, 4040 Wilshire boulevard. Their two sons, Mr. Claire Woolwine and Mr. Beverly Woolwine, are away, the former in the east and the later in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Walter Mueller of 627 Westlake avenue have returned to their home after passing a fortnight at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach where quite a number of their own friends were also staying.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Stanley of Orange, were recent guests for a day or two at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lex Muncy, 1911 Sunset boulevard. Mrs. Stanley was formerly Miss Pauline Nickey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nickey. Mrs. Stanley is a member of the Kappa Phi sorority, and upon the tenth anniversary of the founding of the association she entertained the members at her pretty home in Orange. Among those who attended the celebration were Mrs. Harold Paulin (Helene McVay) Mrs. Lex Muncy, Mrs. Alexander Garroway, Mrs. Marguerite Miner, Mrs. Bruce R. Wallace, Mrs. Van Cleve Parrott, Miss Laura McVay, Miss Marian McPherron and Miss Helen Wallace, daughter of former Lieutenant-Governor A. J. Wallace.

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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

SANTA Catalina Island is proving most alluring to the vacationists of Southern California this season. The big new hotel which is being built out on Sugar Loaf to replace the old Metropole will not be completed for some time, but every available cottage and tent is filled and were there more accommodations, there would be more sojourners. It is quite like the olden days, too. In the last few seasons other pleasure beaches and resorts, east, north and south have won many Los Angelans from their annual visit to this isle, but this season Avalon is fairly vibrant with gaiety. Within the safe shelter of the bay any number of beautiful yachts and motorboats are at anchor, when not busily cruising the nearby waters with their merry parties. And fishing just now is proving a lure to every Isaac Walton, for even the tuna and fierce sword fish, which last season practically deserted Catalina waters, have returned again this summer in their old-time numbers, ready for the hook of the patient trollers. Swimming is always ideal at the Island, and the limpid bay has no rival for this popular sport.

Yachting is one of Catalina's most delightful pleasures. The Banning's two beautiful yachts, the Companero and the smaller one, the Cricket, are among those most frequently seen there. Incidentally there are missed from the Island this summer, the Banning boys, Joe Banning son of the Joseph B. Bannings of Los Angeles, and Hancock Banning, Jr., and George Hugh Banning, the two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning. This trio of boys, all of whom are busy at war duties, have always been an integral part of Catalina's social life, entertaining with the jolliest kind of week end parties aboard their yachts, with their aquaplanes to add to the enjoyment. Then there is the G. Allan Hancocks' beautiful yacht, the Velero which makes its pleasure pilgrimages over to the Island, seeking one of the picturesque coves for its week-end stay. This last week-end, however, the Velero made the longer trip to San Diego, where Mr. Hancock with a group of friends met Mrs. Hancock, who preferred the motoring trip down to the southland city. Another handsome craft which is a frequent visitor to Catalina is Commodore and Mrs. J. E. Mitchell's Yankee girl, which only a few days ago returned from a fortnight's trip there, having as guests Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edward Webb of Westmoreland Place, Los Angeles. Afternoon teas aboard the Yankee Girl proved quite an innovation and each day a coterie of guests, from Los Angeles and San Francisco, were invited aboard. The Milton Hesselberger's beautiful yacht, the Minerva, has been busily plying back and forth between the Yacht club headquarters and Avalon, with merry week-end parties, and any number of other yachts; and smaller boats are finding anchorage within the bay there.

Among the many prominent Los Angelans who are sojourners at Catalina this season are Mr. and Mrs. Remington Olmsted and their two kiddies, who have a quaint little rambling bungalow in one of the coves about four miles from Avalon. A tiny beach serves for their bathing, and as they have a row boat and also a motor boat, they keep in touch with Avalon, while at the same time enjoying a delightful exclusiveness for themselves and their guests. Another party of Los Angelans who have been at the Island for a ten days' stay included Mr. and Mrs. Herman Janss and their pretty little daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Peters and their son, Charles; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jevne, and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Campbell and their little daughter, Genevieve. The party were domiciled at the Island Villa during their sojourn there.

Catalina would not be Catalina without members of the Banning family ensconced there for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Banning are domiciled in their beautiful home just the other side of Sugar Loaf for the season, and as usual they and their attractive daughter, Miss Katherine Banning are generous in their hospitality to their friends. Scarcely a week but their place is the scene of a merry house party. Captain Banning passes practically all of his time on the Island, while Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning are frequent visitors, dividing their time between Catalina and Los Angeles. Mrs. Hancock Banning, however, has been so emersed in the Red Cross work this season that she has scarcely allowed herself time for vacationing. The latter half of the summer season will undoubtedly be given over to a deserved cessation from her patriotic duties and that recreation period she will pass at Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. Arden Day, the latter a bride of last winter and before her marriage Miss Ruth Powell, were recent week-end guests at the Island, being members of a party of young Los Angelans, including Miss Amy Busch, Miss Lucille Ballard, Mr. Robert Craig and several others, who went over for a week-end holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Collins with their daughter, Miss Doris Collins, and son, Master Burton Collins, have recently returned to their home in Shatto Place, Los Angeles, after a fortnight on the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Youngworth and their three dainty little daughters will join the gay throng at Avalon, Mr. Youngworth making the trip over fer the week-ends.

An unusual number of Los Angeles people are responding to the chams of Coronado, while Santa Monica, Long Beach, and other of the nearby beach cities, have called with an irresistible appeal to many Los Angelans. Motoring is equally as popular to the northern pleasure places, and Del Monte, Santa Barbara, Lake Tahoe, San Francisco, and the Yosemite are attracting many of the vacationers from this part of the country.

Among the Los Angeles folk who are to pass August at Lake Tahoe are Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wells, Mr. H. Norton Johnson and his little daughter, Miss Louisa Johnson. The Frank C. Bryants of St. Andrews Place, Los Angeles, with their children, the Misses Josephine and Caroine, and Conrad, are also at Tahoe for a short stay.

Del Monte has attracted Dr. and Mrs. Dudley Fulton who plan to pass the month of August there. Swimming, golf and the splendid boulevards there will be accorded the attention of the Fultons. In their absence from Los Angeles, Mrs. Fulton's parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Hitchcock will go to Camp Baldy for a sojourn, taking with them Dr. and Mrs. Fulton's two attractive young daughters, Dorothy and Margaret. Later Mrs. Fulton will join her daughters there.

Friday evening, August 3, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Platt in Laurel canyon, their daughter, Miss Virginia Platt became the bride of Mr. Louis Granger. Quantities of glowing Arabian lilies with foliage formed a pretty setting for the wedding, while the beautiful grounds surrounding the home were transformed into a bit of fairyland with its myriad of gleaming gayly colored lanterns. The Rev. Baker P. Lee performed the ceremony in the presence of about one hundred guests. The bride wore white satin, her veil of tulle falling to the floor forming the train to her costume. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. Miss Dorothy Platt, was maid of honor and wore a frock of flame-colored net, carrying roses to match her costume. Miss Rebecca Borrodaile of Albuquerque and Miss Mabel Longley of San Diego were the bridesmaids. The former wore a gown of Nile green, while Miss Longley wore a frock of yellow. Mr. Farnsworth Currier served Mr. Granger as best man. Following the ceremony an informal bridal supper was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Granger left for a motor honeymoon trip. Upon their return they will reside at the Laurel canyon home. The bride is a graduate of Girl's Collegiate school in Los Angeles.

Steckel

MISS LUCILE PHILLIPS

Attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Phillips, Berkeley Square, Los Angeles, whose engagement to Dr. Wayland Morrison was announced recently. Miss Phillips is a senior at Vassar College this year and has been elected president of the student body for next semester

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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

MISS Gladys Goodwin, accompanied by her mother and sister, Mrs. D. A. Goodwin and Miss Carolyn Goodwin, left Tuesday for their former home in Cleveland, Ohio, where Miss Gladys is to become the bride of Lieutenant Oliver N. Morris about the middle of this month. The exact date of the wedding has not been set since it all depends upon the time when Lieutenant Morris is able to get a furlough. Regardless of dates, however, plans for an elaborate military wedding are going on. The ceremony will be solemnized in the Episcopal church, in which both the young people were confirmed a few years ago. The Rev. George Atwater, who presided over the former service will read the marriage service. Lieutenant Morris is stationed at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, but expects to be in France within six months. The bride-to-be is one of the attractive members of the younger set, and with her mother and sister has made her home in Los Angeles for the past two years. She graduated from National Park seminary last June. Miss Carolyn Goodwin graduated from Girls' Collegiate this year and plans to enter Smith College this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Nevin, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, and their children, and Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Rogers, are a merry group of Los Angelans who are at Del Monte for an outing.

Mrs. F. F. Buchanan and her daughters, Miss Thelma and Miss Corinne Hardwick of Los Angeles, are passing a week at Big Bear Lake. With them is Miss Alberta Trueworthy, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John W. Trueworthy.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington, of Pasadena, have taken a cottage in east Ocean avenue, Long Beach, for the remainder of the summer.

Mr and Mrs Earl Fraser, of Venice, have been motoring through the Yosemite. Other residents of this beach resort who are reviewing the beauties of the Valley are Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Sherman and Mr. and Mrs. Neil Nettleship.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Freeman, of Hollywood, who have been enjoying week-end trips to their ranch near Ventura, plan to be for the most part of this month at Yosemite. Mrs. Freeman it will be remembered was before her marriage Miss Helen Judson.

Another hurried wedding because of war orders, was that of Miss Eugenia Shafer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shafer of 2001 Ocean View avenue, and Mr. John Harrigan, which was solemnized at the Cathedral chapel Friday afternoon, August 3. Mr. Harrigan is a member of the Coast Artillery, and is expecting the call to arms at any moment. The young people had planned for a more elaborate wedding a bit later, but when the call to service was momentarily expected, these plans were abandoned and the marriage at once quickly arranged for. Following the marriage a wedding supper was served at the home of the bride's parents; and later the young people left for San Francisco where they will stay until the bridegroom is called into service. Mr. Harrigan is a graduate of Stanford, where he was a "Beta" and a former Stanford athlete.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Wallace, and their three children, are at Lake Tahoe where they will pass several weeks. The Wallaces have their yacht, the Earlda there, and are enjoying many cruises on the lake. Mrs. Wallace was formerly Miss Earlda Baker.

Mrs. L. M. Botsford of Los Angeles, and her daughters, Miss Dorothy and Miss Marjorie Botsford, will have as house guests two attractive visitors from Chicago, Miss Alice and Miss Ella Boynton, who are soon to arrive. These young women are prominent in the social and club life of this middle-west city, and have a number of friends in Los Angeles in club circles.

Mrs. Mary LeGrand Reed and Mrs. W. W. Knight are in San Francisco, guests at the St. Francis. They will be away a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Rowley of Los Angeles, have taken a cottage at 601 Ocean Front, Ocean Park, where they will pass the remainder of the summer. They will have with them a part of the time their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Caldwell Ridgway, and their children.

MRS. HARRY DANA LOMBARD

Charming member of the Beverly Hills colony and popular Los Angeles hostess. Mrs. Lombard has just returned from Santa Barbara, where she motored with Mrs. C. H. Sharpe for a week-end. They were accompanied by Mrs. Charles Farquarson, of San Francisco, who has been visiting the Edward C. Tallants, of Santa Barbara

Mr. Claire Woolwine, who is in Atlanta, Georgia, will visit his boyhood home at Nashville, Tennessee, before returning to Los Angeles.

Mrs. H. K. Williamson, of Los Angeles, and her sister, Mrs. A. L. Sendall, of Chicago, who has been visiting in Los Angeles, left a few days ago for San Francisco, where they will pass several weeks before Mrs. Sendall returns to her home.

Mrs. John P. Jones and her niece, Mrs. Daisy Hill, will enjoy the month of August at Santa Monica having taken the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farquhar, while the latter are in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Rule, with their two small daughters, Alice and Winifred, have taken a cottage at Hermosa Beach for the month of August. With them is Mrs. Rule's mother and sister, Mrs. John Milner and Mrs. Clara McDonald. Mrs. Rule and Mrs. McDonald plan a number of house parties during their stay at the beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis H. Booth, and their son Master Ferris are passing the month of August at Hermosa.

Miss Dorothy Berry, well known in the social and musical circles of San Diego, is one of the interesting visitors in Los Angeles, and is the house guest of Miss Elizabeth Weiss.

Mrs. Lee Campbell, of Los Angeles, entertained Wednesday afternoon, complimenting her two sisters, the Misses Frye, of Beatrice, Nebraska, who are visiting her.

Complimenting Miss Geraldine La Fetra, daughter of Mrs. T. W. La Fetra of Glendora, who is to be a September bride, Miss Helen Spaulding gave a garden tea at her home on North Gates street quite recently. Assisting the hostess in entertaining her guests were Mrs. T. W. La Fetra, Mrs. J. F. Spaulding and daughter Miss Mary Spaulding of Kansas City, and Mrs. Frank Spaulding of San Diego. Miss La Fetra is to wed Mr. Frank Olmstead, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Olmstead, of North Wilton Place Los Angeles. Miss La Fetra is a graduate of both the University of Southern California and Stanford, since which time she has devoted herself to social service work.

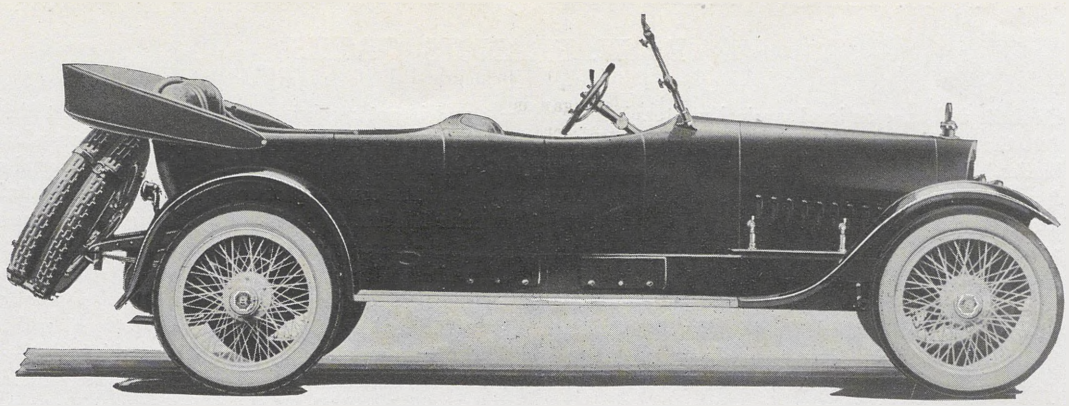
Mrs. Ralph Volney Dewey has just returned from Salvador, Central America, and will be the house guest of her mother, Mrs. Anna H. O'Bear, of 3556 Mc Clintock avenue. Mrs. Dewey will be remembered as Miss Katherine O'Bear. Mr. Dewey hopes to be in Los Angeles by December, and then Mr. and Mrs. Dewey will take up their residence in California.

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Everhardy and their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Everhardy are home from Stanley Park, near Santa Barbara, where they went for a brief outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Remington Olmstead who have been passing a part of the summer at Santa Monica, are at Catalina where they plan to visit for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutton are among the many who are passing a brief vacation at Catalina, having gone over a few days ago.

Mrs. A. C. Bilicke with her two children are guests at the Del Monte Hotel for a brief sojourn.



Becky Sharp Goes Magneting

FANCY any soulless editor setting me to drive a mere typewriter after having spent an exalted afternoon driving an Owen Magnetic. Awful come down! It is at times such as these that I know I was intended for a lady.

You see, after we had seen Mrs. Siegmund gliding through town in her bridal white Owen Magnetic; and heard that Mrs. Willie Clark had just purchased another in green as the blue one did not go well with all her gowns; and that Mrs. Howard Huntington was restored to happiness by the acquisition of one in battleship grey for use on this side of the continent, having left her other one in New York; and that the de la Garza's had actually purchased two of them, Claire and I decided we must sample the joys of magnetism de luxe or wilt in despair.

We reviewed our respective bank accounts, felt dubious, and deliberately set forth on a trial trip. The world is full of trials, but there are some kinds one can bear with hilarious pluck. The moment we sat in that lordly boat-shaped green Owen Magnetic, Claire started talking about her royal antecedents—it has just that effect on one. I could not remember that my namesake had ever been anyone but Lady Crawley. Bless her aristocratic little heart.

That car, messieurs et mesdames, is the ultimate quintessence of ease and luxury. And even the fluffiest headed little mondaine can drive it. That superb sense of power and regal control, that utterly sumptuous sensation of refined arrogance is all acquired by the mere shifting of a neat little steel lever in the wheel. There is no such thing as a confusing clutch, complicated gear, roaring brakes or anything difficult like that. One just sits with graceful nonchalance before a magic little wheel that does everything with poise and unostentatious decorum, on a mere hint. And its all magnetism.

There's something so romantic about magnetism, isnt there? No part of the engine touches the car except the bolts. It's little inside is frightfully fascinating. For there reposes a giant magnet, and inside it, but not touching it, is another piece of metal. And they are both charged electrically in such a way that when one piece turns the other must turn with it. Otherwise there isn't a thing in that car that every other car hasn't got. But that makes all the difference. A magnetic brake, a magnetic gas control, a magnetic self-starter, a magnetic battery charge and everything worked by just moving that little lever a point on one side, or another little lever a point on the other side of the wheel. I had never driven any sort of a car before and yet drove that one ten miles without making any mistakes. I took it in and out of traffic, round dizzy corners, up a hill that looked like the side of a house, down a hill like a chasm, and she even lifts herself daintily to the side walk without any apparent effort. She responds to every touch like magic, yet I could not get Claire to regard me as in any way remarkable, since our courier insisted his own little nine year old girl had driven the car alone without any previous experience only the day before. I hated him to tell that story just when I was feeling so exalted, but I'm afraid he is quite truthful.

The way that car climbs the steepest hill and can be brought to a dead standstill on the side of a precipice is positively uncanny. It just glides up with the utmost grace and calm, never a snort or a grunt or a sound to indicate special effort, and it comes down again with gentle dignity that positively declines to get excited. Fancy having to drive a vulgar typewriter after an experience like that.

They call it the car of a thousand speeds. It certainly is. It glides so easily and swiftly that one does not realize how fast one is going—even the wicked speed cops must be deceived. Which is of course so very aristocratic—being speedy with apparent decorum is the quintessence of breeding. To be drawn forward by an invisible magnet, silently, magnificently, luxuriously; to have that great sumptuous car yielding to ones slightest influential touch, is to enjoy the sensation of being an immortal princess. It certainly savors of the immortal, for even its makers don't understand the invisible power of their magnet; they have only learned to put it to mortal use. One can float along like a soft summer zephyr, or whizz through space like a thunderbolt, or graduate it to any of the thousand speeds by merely sliding that dainty little lever round a half moon. There is nothing to learn. A two-minute explanation serves for all there is to know. They call it fluid power—under the control of a little finger. They will tell you it is a man's car, because men love science and the infinite perfection. But oh, it is a feminine car, a car that puts the strength and the power of a strong man into the touch of a woman's finger.

Of course, we had to call on Marcella. Marcella has driven a gas car as long as she can remember and takes shocking pride in her prowess. She will never be able to patronize me again. There was I arrayed in all my calling finery, with an absurdly large hat and ridiculous shoes—all most unworkmanlike—yet driving a first class high power car without displacing a ruffle or getting sufficiently perturbed to disarray my hair. Marcella always bemoans her practical unbecoming sartorial delinquencies, explaining how the necessity of driving the car precludes all dressing up. She obviously drives the wrong car, poor dear.

And the downy cushions of that car. One just sinks into them, yet they are firm, too. They claim to have a special kind of a spring in those cushions. They certainly have. We almost had to pry Claire out of the back seat where she was calmly enjoying a dreamy siesta—and with a novice at the wheel, too. Those cushions alone ought to go far to offsetting that dreadful alertness which makes it possible for another member of the family to give instructions to the driver—the source of more sorrows and matrimonial differences than we ever realize. The foundations of many a heartrending divorce have been laid from this cause alone.

And of course, as it is so smooth running, the wear and tear is nil. It remains a new car to the end. Its lines are svelt and patrician, and the colors are utterly ravishing. I don't wonder Mrs. Willie Clark has an Owen Magnetic to go with different gowns, or that Mrs. Howard Huntington maintains her sang froid in the most becluttered street traffic.

Book Reviews

THE author of "The English-Speaking Peoples" is already favorably known to students of our colonial history. Thoroughness combined with insight and judgment, seems to mark all he handles; he knows the details of a movement accurately, and his focusing is admirable. Four years ago he received the first Loubat prize for his four published volumes, "as the best contribution in the English language on the History, Geography, etc., of North America"; and for some time he was lecturer at Columbia University. His present book is likely to attain to permancy as it is a masterpiece. Britain is not an empire, he remarks more than once; "it is a Commonwealth, whose persistence depends upon its performing a world-function. Had this vast Empire been administered primarily for selfish national purposes, its existence would long since have been challenged by a united Europe." She has fully learned the value of the maxim, 'Live and let live.' This cooperation was longed for by our great secretary of State, John Hay, when eager to help China out of her troubles. "What can be done" he wrote to a friend, "in the present diseased state of the public mind? There is such a mad-dog hatred of England prevalent among newspapers and politicians that anything we could now do in China to take care of our imperiled interests, would be set down to 'subservience to Great Britain.'..All I have ever done with England is to have wrung great concessions out of her with no compensation. That we should be compelled to refuse the assistance of the greatest power in the world, *in carrying out our own policy*, because all Irishmen are democrats and some Germans are fools—is enough to drive a man mad."

The League to Enforce Peace, of which ex-President Taft is a prominent member, he discusses at length but considers that its final purposes would be best met by a complete community of policy between London and Washington. This would not conflict with Pan-Americanism, for a Pan-Americanism of 1917 that excludes Canada, Newfoundland, Barbados, Jamaica, and British Guiana, not to mention the other American parts of the British Commonwealth, is a strange contradiction in terms, and is presumably unwisely and unnecessarily narrow." The book, itself a mine of wisdom, is fortified with a wealth of references that give the objector a chance of looking up the authorities and judging for himself. (The English-Speaking Peoples; Their Future Relations and Joint International Obligations. By George Louis Beer. Macmillan.)

FACTS AND COMMENTS

William McFee, the author of "Casuals of the Sea", Doubleday, Page & Co., is on a British transport in the Mediteranean, and in his spare time is working on a new novel.

Padraic Colum's latest published play, "Mogu, the Wanderer", has been added to Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre repertory for the autumn.

Jefferey Farnol, the author of "The Broad High-way," whose new novel "The Definite Object", recently published by Little, Brown and Company, was unable to enlist in the English army because of his extreme near-sightedness. In common with Rudolph Kipling, Sir Gilbert Parker, Arnold Bennett and Alfred Noyes, he has been doing some effective service for the Allied cause with his pen.

NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By W. FRANCIS GATES

JUST what effect the draft will have on local musical matters is not known at this writing but the most noticeable effect, doubtless, will be seen on the singing bodies. In looking over the field it seems most likely that the Orpheus club will be hardest hit, as its membership age averages about twenty-six or twenty-seven years.

Out of a membership of about seventy-five, approximately fifty had to register and a goodly number of these come under the first draft. And a tenor is like a man at the front—it takes three men in the rear ranks to support him, so it will be hoped that the Orpheus front rank will lose none of its altitudinous singers. The church choirs that have choruses attached will be deprived of a number of singers. The male sections of the First M. E., the Temple Baptist, and the First Congregational, especially, will feel the call to arms. Newell Parker, the organist of the First M. E. Church, and Clyde Collison, organist, have enlisted in the Navy Base Hospital Corps. The symphony orchestra will not be seriously touched, as most of the men are over the draft age; others have families and possibly some are not American citizens, though there would be few of this class here in spite of the preponderance of foreign names in any orchestra of symphony size.

The Ellis club, at a guess, would average forty years of age; (that's not so bad, as a friend of mine tells me the Loring club of San Francisco averages sixty) and so its losses are less, and Conductor Schoenefeld reports no losses from the Germania singing section. The violinists and orchestra men seem harder hit. Not all of them are telling about it, but so far as reported I hear the following: Rudolph Kopp drew a lucky number, but I believe he is still an Austrian—so he can't go near a fort; it is even a question whether he will be allowed to play a fortissimo in the Brahms quintet next season. Emil Seidel, also of the Brahms quintet, Jaime Overton, John Koslowsky, John Mulieri, Jack Spencer, and Emil Meine, brother of the Mason opera house orchestra leader, are other orchestra men who will have to show cause or go. Of the pianists, there is Clyde Collison and George Schoenefeld, harpsichordist, on the first list. Thomas T. Drill, director of the Trinity choir, reports that some of his boys have enlisted and others are called, reducing his ranks five or six. The Temple Baptist choir probably will lose a like number. At the First M. E. church, there were fourteen that registered and probably the most of them will be drafted. By the time this is printed more will be known as to who will be the defenders and who the defended, and so the above list is not final or complete and many more names may have to be added.

G. ALLAN HANCOCK

Recently elected president of the Los Angeles Symphony Association and one of the leading cellists of the coast

AFTER waiting six months to elect a president of the symphony association to succeed Dr. Norman Bridge, the board of directors has selected G. A. Hancock for that position. The other officers are Clifford Lott, vice President; Godfrey Holterhoff, treasurer; Mrs. Dean Mason, secretary, and F. W. Blanchard, manager. The board announces that the next series of concerts will begin early in November. There will be six or eight symphony concerts and possibly added popular events.

Much is hoped from the presidency of Mr. Hancock, who is a practical musician, having played in the orchestra for several years. He has been treasurer of the symphony association for three years or more. So many of the prominent families are represented on the list of symphony supporters that there should be no doubt about raising sufficient funds to make the coming season a great success.

Sigmund Beel, Mrs. Hennion Robinson and Mrs. L. J. Selby, "did their bit" on a recent Thursday night at Birkels, toward presenting the works of a local composer to the musical fraternity. This was purely a matter of aiding to bring forward the compositions of a man who is writing good music and is not receiving proper recognition at the hands of the public—Harold Webster. Mr. Beel and Mrs. Robinson played Webster's new sonata for violin and piano, and Mrs. Selby gave several of his songs.

The sonata is strong in its thematic material and treatment. Mr. Webster is quite independent in his methods of musical thought, and is not afraid of the dissonance, yet he does not introduce it, as seemingly do many "modern" writers, simply to make noise rather than music. It is an integral part of his musical thought. At times he uses what might be called scale progressions that are far from the conventional scale, and which, nevertheless, are, in their way effective. I believe this was the work which took the Federation prize, and which was played at the Federation meeting at Birmingham, this spring. Mr. Webster has something to say musically, and it is delightful to see musicians of the caliber of those mentioned, using their large talents to give him a proper presentation. For music that isn't heard is not likely to make its way in the world.

NO period of stagnation marks the Gamut club activities. The monthly dinner program is as interesting in August as in December. That given the first of this month had a literary and musical charm not to be found anywhere else in the West. The principal literary guest was Vance Thompson, who gave a thrilling account of the time, just three years ago to a day, when France heard the menace of Germany, he having been in Paris at the time. Also, he told of the German secret activities in this country.

Gwendolin Logan Hubbard, English actress, proved a most clever speaker, telling of the first experiences of a lone Englishwoman in America, and comparing English aloofness with American helpfulness. Belle T. Richie, of Fresno, humorously told of the tribulations of extending musical culture in a small city. Mr. and Mrs. George B. Millard, related some of their literary experiences, and Jay Dwiggins, one of the club favorites, closed with Riley recitations.

The music, also, offered a treat. The vocal soloists were Constance Eberhart, soprano; Mary Gowans, contralto, of New York; and Mrs. Hesse Sprotte, mezzo soprano. To their other numbers Mrs. Sprotte and Miss Gowans added recent songs by F. H. Colby. one of the founders of the club, and who played their accompaniments. Mrs. Sprotte sang two Cadman songs with the composer playing. Carrie J. Bond spoke, and sang one of her characteristic songs to her own accompaniment.

The pianists were Giuseppe Randegger, playing Schubert and Liszt numbers in virtuoso style, and thoroughly captivating his hearers, and Leo Domke, who with Tracy Chesterton has formed a vaudeville team. For four hours the members and guests of the club sat at the tables enjoying the dinner and its social converse, with the offerings of the notables above.

ONE of the San Diego papers has discovered the carrying powers of Schumann Heink's voice, stating that at a recent concert at Balboa park it was heard ten blocks. But the writer adds that this is nothing, as when the contralto takes a notion to sing on the veranda of her home at Grossmont in the early morning, and the wind is just right—please notice the qualifying clauses, front porch, Grossmont, time of day and meteorological condition—her neighbors at Lakeside, seven miles away, can hear the tune. Evidently Stentor has nothing on Schumann-Heink, in the San Diego opinion. This would suggest the non-necessity of auditoriums in the San Diego neighborhood, if the recital may be heard in a seven mile radius.

THE Lyric club is in mourning over the death of its secretary, Miss Willy Symser. This popular young singer recently had been elected to that position and the cruel manner of her taking off affects the club members in double measure.

(*Continued on page 34*)

The Week in Society

Mrs. Maud Davis Baker of Hollywood, is enjoying a visit with her brother, Mr. Carl R. Davis, who with Mrs. Davis and their children arrived Tuesday from Brackpen, Transvaal, South Africa. Mr. Davis is general manager of the Brackpen gold mines and is well known among mining men. Because of the present unsettled conditions Mr. Davis had to make the trip by way of Australia and Japan. Mrs. Baker has not seen her brother for twelve years. After a visit with his sister, Mr. Davis, who has a seven months leave of absence, will with his family leave for a tour of the States.

Mrs. William Bosley, of San Francisco, who has been visiting for a fortnight at the home of Mrs. Maud Davis Baker in Hollywood, left for home yesterday. While here Mrs. Bosley was the inspiration for many pretty informal social courtesies. Mrs. Baker complimented her guest with a garden breakfast given at her home, 1616 Vine street. Those invited to meet Mrs. Bosley were Mrs. Bertha Winslow Vaughn, Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond, Mrs. Julia Bracken Wendt, Mrs. Charles H. Richmond, Mrs. T. O. Brewster, Mrs. Morris Smith, Mrs. Henry Taylor, Miss Elizabeth Waggoner and Miss Elizabeth Wood. Mrs. Baker was assisted in entertaining her guests by her daughter, Miss Viroque Baker.

Miss Agnes Thomas of Hollywood has left for an extended trip which will take her to Seattle, Helena, Montana, and Salt Lake City. While in Montana she will visit in the home of ex-Governor Striggs.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Leonardt have returned to their home in Chester Place after a visit at Del Monte and other northern points.

Mrs. John W. Dwight, who has been the house guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Hicks of West Adams street, left several days ago for Santa Barbara. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Emmeline Childs of 3100 West Adams street and together they will pass the month of August at this resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perine of Grammercy Place and their small daughter, Helen left the first of the week for a motor trip to Portland. They plan to be away about six weeks.

Former Senator R. F. Del Valle and his daughter, Miss Lucretia Del Valle left a week ago for New York, where they will remain for an indefinite length of time.

Mrs. Hancock Banning is home after passing a few days in San Francisco, whither she went to visit her son, Mr. George Hugh Banning, who is stationed at the Presidio. Mrs. Jack Macfarland, who was Miss Eleanor Banning, joined her mother and brother in San Francisco to visit with them. Mrs. Macfarland whose marriage in June was one of society events of the season will make her home for a time in Sacramento, her husband being the secretary to Governor Stephens.

Miss Alice Elliott, Miss Charlene Coulter and Miss Jerry Hubbard have returned from Del Mar where they visited Mrs. Harry Coburn Turner, who is summering there. Mrs. Turner chaperoned these young women to Honolulu not long ago and this was a happy gathering of the party to talk over the good times enjoyed on their trip.

Mrs. George Major of 6009 Yucca avenue is entertaining her two attractive nieces, the Misses Mildred and Clara Bowen of New York. These young women were graduated this summer from Rochester university and are to pass a year sight-seeing and resting in California. Motor trips about Los Angeles is their pastime just now, but later Mrs. Majors plans to give a number of affairs for her gue ts.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Campbell and their little daughter, Genevieve; Mr. and Mrs. Herman Jan s and their small daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jevne and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Peterson and their son Master Charles, were a jolly party who left a week ago for Catalina, where they will pass a fortnight enjoying the delights of the island.

Mr. and Mrs. Catesby C. Thom have returned to their home in West Twenty-second street after a visit of several weeks at Yosemite.

Mrs. Burton Williamson and her daughters, Miss Estelle Williamson and Miss Lillian Williamson have returned from a pleasant stay at Hermosa Beach. They are at present the house guests of Dr. and Mrs. Edward R. Bradley at their home in Summit avenue. Mrs. Bradley was formerly Miss Virginia Williamson.

Laguna Beach proved a great attraction for several parties who motored from Los Angeles Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Milo A. Baker and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Kemp were a party of four who visited friends there for the day.

Mrs. Champ S. Vance and her son and daughter, Mr. Conradi Vance, and Miss Adele Vance are among the guests from Los Angeles who find a refuge each summer at Laguna.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Locke of South Berendo street are sojourning for a week or two at Del Mar, at the Stratford Inn. They have been vacationing at the various nearby resorts this summer, including Catalina and Ocean Park. In their absence Dr. and Mrs. Ben Thompson (the latter formerly Miss Ruth Locke) are living in the family home. Dr. and Mrs. Thompson have resided in San Francisco from the time of their marriage until this summer and it is a matter of rejoicing among their friends that they will now make their home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. G. Walter Meade left Los Angeles a week or so ago for a visit in New York and other eastern cities. While in New York she will stay at the Biltmore. She plans to be away until the latter part of September.

Mrs. Thomas W. Phillips and her attractive daughter, Miss Angelita Phillips of Harvard boulevard have been visiting friends in San Francisco for the past fortnight.

Mrs. Fletcher White was a recent hostess entertaining with a luncheon; Mrs. Quayle of Toronto, Canada, being the guest of honor. Mrs. Quayle is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Henry Petersmeyer.

Mrs. Amy Stuart Foster of 3948 South Normandie avenue is at home again after a pleasant visit of some days at Arrowhead Springs hotel.

Vacation Journeys
via Salt Lake Route

For August—
We offer you reduced fare trips to Zion Canyon, Utah's Scenic Wonderland, with a "Wylie-Way" camp and scenic marvels: to Yellowstone and Glacier Parks, and to many Eastern cities, with return limit Oct. 31st. Let us tell you about them.

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and Eagle Brand has shown by sixty years of successful use as an infant food that it possesses many advantages not available in any other form of cow's milk. It is easily digested, and easily prepared. Then you can be sure of getting it when you want it.
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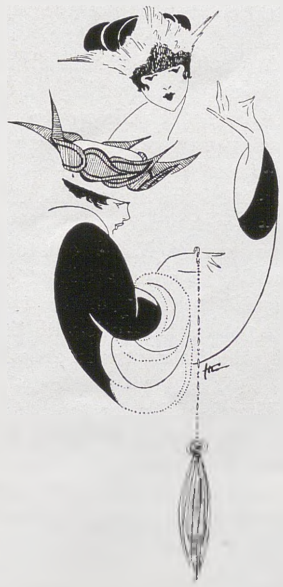


The Women's Shop
On the Mezzanine

Delightfully Different!

Are the new styles in this premier showing of Gage Hats for Fall. Fascinating too, are the particular styles of Castle, of Dunlap, and of Phipps, all of which are displayed for Milady's approval

"Desmond's"
LOS ANGELES

SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

"HE THAT LOVETH A BOOK WILL NEVER WANT"

I seen a dunce of a poet once, a writin' a little book;
And he says to me with a smile, says he
"Here's a pome—d'you want to look?"
And I threw my eye at the pome; says I

"What's the use o' this here rot?"
"It's a double sestine," says he lookin' mean,
"And their hard as the deuce, that's what!"

BUT even Mr. Burgess' non-poetry loving brain-child could not but love the charming little book, "Indian Legends in Rhyme", soon to be published by F. A. Stokes & Co., for although a book of verse, it is not "double sestine", and it is so beautifully easy, not only to read but also to gaze upon. It is a collection of very beautiful child poems of Indian child-life and folk lore, written by Mrs. Karl Moon, and illustrated by her husband, who by the way, is not just the husband of his talented and clever wife, but a real person, who attained to real fame before acheiving matrimony. And most interesting of all, they (both of them) are with us, and very much of us, here in Southern California, making their home at present in Pasadena, so quietly and modestly however, that they have been fairly successful in concealing the fact that they belong to the small army of the sacred few who "truly do things."

Mrs. Moon is a delightful contradiction of the old time conjuration of "Blue Stocking," being young, pretty, and domestic. She is (very proudly) a regular American by birth, but has spent many years in Europe, London and Paris particularly, and also in Latin America, where her life was that of a popular society girl. In fact her "bringing out" was at the American Legation in Buenos Aires. This phase of her past however seems not to interest Mrs. Moon, for she says she has "learned the utter emptiness of society and found that life is in love, work, and the outdoors."

MR. AND MRS. KARL MOON
To whose collaboration we are indebted for the artistic volume, "Indian Legends in Rhyme." Mr. and Mrs. Moon are now living in Pasadena

Her first taste of Indian interest came through traveling with her father, while a very young girl, exploring the ruins of the Aztecs in Mexico, through special permission and arrangement of President Diaz, who was one of her father's very close friends, and much of her time since then has been given to the serious study of the vanishing race.

Karl Moon, while still a young man, has made for himself an unusual record in the art world by his wonderful skill as an artist of varied and unusual attainments. To be able to place a true valuation on his work one must pause to consider the numerous difficulties encountered in attempting to make artistic as well as natural, the portraiture of these primitive people in their own country, and atmosphere. This he has done as no other artist has dreamed of doing. Seventeen years of close acquaintance with the various tribes of Indians in the Southwest has not caused Mr. Moon to pose as a sentimental admirer of the god-like qualities so often attributed to the Indian of this century, but to readily distinguish the false from the true, and to present in his pictures, the critical blending of the romantic with the commonplace facts, as he sees them, and in doing this he evinces an art which he makes peculiarly his own.

His paintings have been exhibited in New York under the auspices of President Henry Fairfield Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History, also he has had exhibits at the New National Museum at Washington, D. C.; and the Astor Library, New York, has a collection of his studies. Private collectors have long recognized the value of his photographic records.

Commenting on his work from an ethnological stand-point the New York Sun says: "A man who is so artistic and so persistently studious in the painting and photographing of these primitive people can scarcely help becoming something of an ethnologist, so much of a one indeed, that professional ethnologists welcome his work as an aid to their own."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Moon hold strongly to the belief that the Indian of this generation has the same romantic disposition and warlike tendency that existed in bygone days, and it is their earnrst hope in their future work together, (for in the future they mean to collaborate in all the books they write) to show that it has been the contaminating influence of so-called civilization rather than their own degeneration that has placed the American Indian where he is today.

The future works of this interesting couple will be in prose entirely, as it is Mrs. Moon's belief that it will prove a more illuminative medium through which to present her subject to the youth of America. Their next book upon which they are now working will be called "Lost Magic", and will be well worth waiting for. Long shine the double moon.

IT has come to the ears of the writer of this review that Geoffrey Chaucer and William Shakespeare are dead. Be this as it may, these gentlemen have left behind them a heritage that admits of little competition. Running over the gamut of writers from the Venerable Bede to Bertha M. Clay, one finds that the gifts of one author do not necessarily take away from the talents of another. Because one likes "Juliet", there is no need to damn "The Girl Philippa". Therefore why sniff if someone prefers Bertha to the Hon. Bede as Togo might say?

Nowadays in this work-a-day, chocolate-sundae United States, certain books appear which are an event in the literary cosmos. Some authors have enough genius to make their personality throb and sing in their writings, and this kind of personality is called style. (Personality in a Wall Street magnate is swank, and in a street-cleaner it might be termed damned impudence.) No modern writer of fiction is more favored with style than William J. Locke. (There I have at last arrived at the subject of this review. I thought that I was never going to get there.) His (Locke's) erudition is so whimsical that one does not resent it. He possesses all of the chuckle-conveying powers of Thackeray, without one speck of that great Victorian writer's bitterness which was so resented by the general reading public. Locke—how the name conjures up happy memories! How sweet to wander down Lockian unforgotten ways! We lounge in the shade of the elephant fountain at Chambery with "The Beloved Vagabond", or wander around the temple of Augustus and Livia at Vienna with "Clementina" and "Tommy". A seat on a bench of the Embankment is romantic, if occupied by "Marcus" and "Carlotta". In "Simon the Jester" the Cannebiere sings its busy city jargon. Beautiful Geneva blooms in "A Study in Shadows". And in "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol" the wonders of Nismes are accurately described. We see its splendid garden, the graceful Maison carree, and the mighty arena where bull fights are staged in Spring. And last but by no means least do we cherish tenderly in our hearts dear, clever, stupid, bewildering, whimsical, eccentric, tender, confiding, child-like, irresponsible "Septimus", the most ridiculous, the most beloved of mortals. Locke is a wizard who charms one from life with his joyous, laughter-loving books. He is the entertainer who extracts more remarkable things from his pen than a conjurer takes from his hat. He is a more "Fortunate Youth" a greater "Marchand de Bonheur" than any character he has ever depicted. He is the creator of delicious hours, happy afternoons and enchanting evenings. Vive Locke! Thank God for Locke—but gracious, goodness me, I was told to write about his latest book "The Red Planet" and here I have gone and wasted all of my allotted space

(*Continued on page 31*)

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

IN THE good old days, when this century was an infant in swaddling clothes, Percy Williams had a vaudeville house in Columbus Circle called The Circle. It was a barn of a place and one wondered why the rain did not leak through; but in spite of that, good vaudeville was given there, very good vaudeville indeed. There, Albert Chevalier charmed us with his wonderful interpretations and his gentle art of mugging. And Hammerstein's Victoria was "nuffin to sneeze at nuther." Later Williams moved to the handsome Colonial and Hammerstein turned highbrow. Where we once had to thank him for Irene Franklin, Elsie Janis, and Mabel Hite, we later had to thank him for introducing us to Sammarco, Bressler-Gianoli, and the glorious Gerville-Reache. But mercy me, that was long, long ago. Them wuz happy days. Coming right down to 1917, it is safe to say that this week's bill at the Orpheum is unusually good vaudeville (and I do not use the word unusual in the California sense, which means anything that happens often that one does not like). Rarely have I attended a performance where there were so many good things on a bill at one time, and I have been a devote of the variety in London, Paris, and Berlin as well as New York. From B to I this week's offering at The Orpheum is one round of joy.

The clever Trixie shows us that she can lose grace, add graisse, and still be charming. Orville Stamm does more than look the part of a strong man, and he has a mighty nice bull pup to boot. Buster and Jacques are simply great, and Buster has as much individuality as she has flesh, which is saying a great deal. Harry Carrol has a youthful joie de vivre that is most fetching, and there is considerable band to the Boy Band.

El Cleve and Nan O'Connor entertained with a "Bit o' Scotch", although one is still searching for the Scotch. But El is the best one-man Xylophone Quartet that I have ever heard. He plays his instrument with a precision and delicacy that is truly delightful.

Hugh Herbert is excellent in a trite, and stupid sketch wh'c'ı he manages to save through his cleverness, and his leading lady, Blanche Douglas makes the most of a very silly roll. One forgives the melodrama for the sake of the fortune-telling.

Now we come to Julia Arthur. Shades of Thespis! When Palmer had a theatre in Union Square; when Julia Marlowe was coming into her own and Edwin Booth was leaving his; when Mansfield was thrilling as the Baron Chevrial, or delighting as Prince Karl; when Margaret Mather was an idol of the public; when Eddie Southern was a gay Lord Chumley; when "Jane" was playing to crowded houses—Julia Arthur was a great success. One can never forget her work in "Lady Windermere's Fan". Better to have stayed a beautiful memory, than to have come to us again in that mawkish bit of false patriotism entitled "Liberty Aflame". It was poor trash and utterly unworthy of this wonderful woman who badly declaimed her maccabre part, she the glorious Julia Arthur, whose ringing voice had vibrated into the hearts of her hearers. I feel sad to think that my memory of her which was beautiful, is spoiled. While she was reciting, the lines "Alas poor Yordick!", kept ringing in my ears. But be that as it may, the Orpheum bill this week is excellent. It is probably the only house in town that so closely approaches the perfection of a New Yo k production.

"JUST A SUGGESTION"

JUST A Suggestion," the new comedy by Harold Selman playing at the Majestic this week, is probably the best example of a dramatic pot-pourri possible. In it are blended all sorts of cosmopolitan flavors. Here we have a rehashing of Ibsen's theory in Ghosts; the where-are-my-children scene such as in Maeterlink's Bluebird; Captain Kidd; and Treasure Island; and the picture of the American colonies at probably their stormiest pre-Revolutionary period. As comedy, however, the play gets over fairly well. The action lags considerably in several spots, especially during the second act, and if these parts were cut, the play might possibly get by on New York boards—if Charlie Ruggles were always as good as he is now.

Our perpetual cherub has come back to us in more ways than one, and is infinitely better than we have ever seen him. His comedy is sparkling, highflying and new. He reminds us of Geo. M. Cohan in his semi-nasal way of stringing us along. Other actors have tried this and failed, but lil' Charlie puts it over to perfection. Never has he looked so young in all his life. His part thoroughly fits his personality and he is entirely at ease with it. He acts with naivete, ease and grace, and never forgets himself. He is typically American and gives an American performance. His speech, "Here standeth I tryin' to speaketh to ye" brings down the house. He's not too naughty nor vulgar, and he doesn't shock our esthetic sense.

JULIA ARTHUR AT THE ORPHEUM

Apart from Ruggles, Douglas MacLean stands out as the most promising member of the cast. His is even, careful and concentrated work. While he has not the care-free abandon and nonsense of Ruggles, his comedy gets over to splendid advantage. He always takes himself seriously and this is one of the main reasons that we like him. After having seen him in the movies, we are glad to welcome him back to the "legit". Elmer Ballard as the drunkard is adequate and comic. While his part is not especially good, he makes splendid use of its comedy situations, and proves himself one of the best actors we have seen. Sue MacManamy has hardly enough dramatic force to play leads. She is extremely beautiful to look at, but her diction is poor and she appears forced and unnatural.

"Just A Suggestion" is not a novelty. We have seen so many melodramatic movies that the idea of the cut-back is not entirely pleasing. The same scheme as in "On Trial" and "Innocent" is followed here, though the effect is slightly different. If Ruggles' comedy were not so entirely spontaneous, the second act would fall flat. All eyes are on Ruggles, and are only removed when James Corrigan stumbles over his lines. He is not nearly up to his usual standard, and runs through his part as though he had no special destination.

"THAT DAY"

"THAT DAY" by Louis K. Anspacher is a very interesting play. It is an exposition of the eternal triangle treated in a logical and original manner. The second and third acts are exceedingly clever and excellently handled, and in all probability the play will be one of Manhattan's successes of the coming season.

The first act is entirely too long and drags fearfully at times. It could be curtailed without injuring the plot in the least. The tea scene in this act is amusing and not overdone very much, and Mr. Anspacher has managed to make it funny without entering into the realm of burlesque. But it might be well to say that at one moment during this scene the actors make too much noise with their spoons, detracting somewhat from the effect.

The real interest commences with the second act, and the suspense is kept up in a remarkable manner. But the best part of the whole play is its solution. Mr. Anspacher shows himself a master of technique in the way he handles this very difficult matter To end the play unhappily or too happily would have been a great mistake, and the possibility of forgiveness through regeneration is most satisfying.

Two characters ,"Jerry" and "Plat" supply the relief from the tenseness of the situation. They are well drawn and very amusing. Then there are many high moments that make a profound impression on the mind of the spectator. The husband's denunciation of the wife is beautifully played, and strikes just the right note, it being neither too palpable nor too melodramatic. The comedy is just sparkling enough to relieve the strain without seeming too forced.

The acting was uneven. Miss Briae's "Jerry" was charmingly played, although at times she drawled a little too much. Her appeal to the Doctor in the last act was exceptionally well done. Mr. Dix acted well, although at times his "Plat" was a little overdone and his melodramatic effects entirely out of keeping with the part. Miss Mann's "Elinor Wyndham" was the most uneven work of the whole performance. Her scenes of repressed emotion were far better than her moments of explosive emotion. But she improved from act to act and showed considerable histrionic ability during the entire third act. She has a bad habit of mumbling her words which is unusual in an English actress. At times her gestures are ungraceful, which is surprising, for Miss Mann is a Junoesque woman of exceptional grace. Forrest Stanley's interpretation of "Dr. McKay" was a great disappointment. He romped through his part up to the time of the denunciatory scene in the latter half of the third act. From that time on he played splendidly, but throughout four sixths of the

(*Continued on page* 34)

KENNEL COMMENT

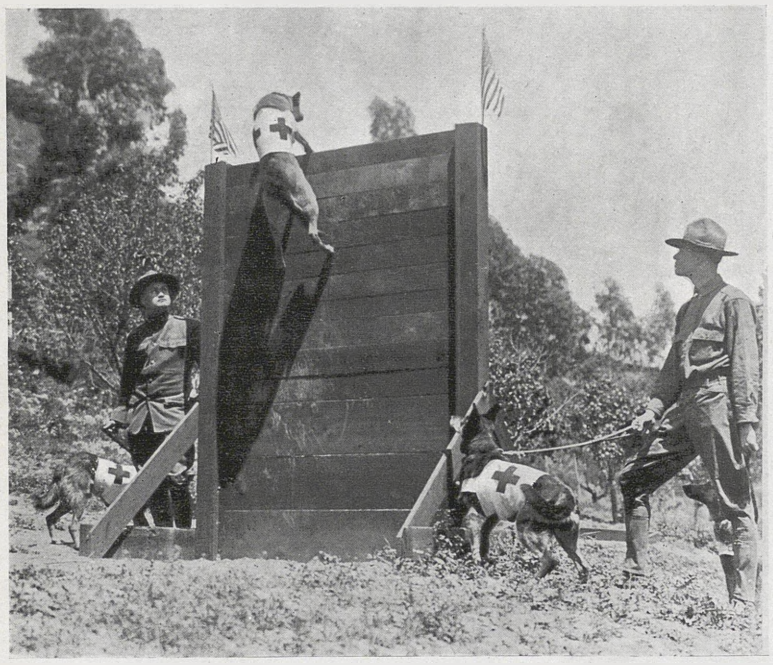
By R. C. HALSTED

THE accompanying illustrations are from the war dog training farm of Mr. Freeman Ford, situated in the Linda Vista hills on the west bank of the Arroyo Seco and covering an area of some twenty-five acres. Certainly the environment is ideal for putting these wolf like canines through military tactics until they attain much useful knowledge. One large determined looking Larson is drill-master and, equipped with a policeman's whistle, he orders those dogs around with business-like sagacity. The dogs are required every day to take a fence that has grown another board in heighth overnight, until a fifteen foot smooth board barrier comes as easy as though it were built of steps. They are sent out goodly distances into the dense chaparral, and required to retrieve some article of clothing or equipment from a wounded soldier, and then retrace their steps as a guide to first-aid operatives. They carry messages and tote supplies and lead a soldiers life. It would indeed be a revelation to those who are not familiar with the possibilities of dog training to witness the performances of these animals. The inherent intelligence of the dog combined with the vigorous schooling developes an invaluable addition to the demand for efficiency in the prosecution of modern warfare. Mr. Ford is placing the graduates from his dog college with the various units of our army as they depart for service.

The benefit show to be given under the auspices of Mrs. Anita M. Baldwin at Long Beach on the 23rd, 24th, & 25th of this month is progressing in a most satisfactory manner. The Bay Side Kennel Club is the show giving body but Mrs. Baldwin has been elected chairman of the dog show committee and the event this year will be used to raise funds for the American Red Star Animal Relief, with which Mrs. Baldwin is indentified as sponsor in Southern California. It is a pleasure indeed to observe the faithful and untiring efforts on her part to aid that most worthy charity the American Red Star. She seems to be devoting her life to the work and is deserving of the greatest praise. The Long Beach show will, of course, be held under American Kennel Club rules. Entries close at midnight August 11th. R. C. Halsted is secretary and superintendent and may be communicated with at 1314 Washington Bldg., Third and Spring streets, Los Angeles.

Dr. Gordon T. Courtenay of San Diego whom we have missed from the show ring since he sent Tawney Trapper to Golden Gate in 1916, has a neat surprise for us in the recent purchase of Sabine Racery. This little smooth from the noted Sabine Kennels down in Texas is reputed to be of the best they have yet produced. Mr. Farwell, breeder of the Sabine Fox Terriers, in a letter to a local fancier describes Racery as one of his greatest successes. We will not mention the purchase price as the sum might bring heart failure to those unaccustomed to shock.

The Los Angeles Kennel Club anticipates making several additions,



Mr. Ford's Dogs Determined to "Get There"

changes and improvements in the classification for the November meet. Among the additions will be Wire Haired Pointing Griffons, Miniature Bulldogs and Cairn Terriers. These breeds are rapidly making friends and a place for them becomes necessary. It is proposed to improve the Cocker Spaniel schedule so that all solid colors will come together in Winners classes. Pomeranians and Pekingese have at present a too generous classification which does not permit of sufficient competition and it is planned to reduce the number of classes in these two breeds. Fanciers are invited to send suggestions for the betterment of the classification to me, and I in turn will bring the matter before the club for discussion.

Collie followers, and in fact good and sincere doggy folks throughout the length and breadth of the land, are offering up little prayers for the reinstatement of Mr. Wm. Ellery of San Francisco, owner of the Valverde Kennels. We think Mr. Ellery is ready to rejoin the fold if he may be allowed to do so without embarrassment to himself. He feels, and we think conscientiously, that injury has been done him. The A. K. C. is equally conscientious in feeling that it

Receiving Their Military Orders

must abide by the decisions of its trial boards. The whole affair could be dropped and forgotten at once if somebody would unbend. Lots of good men have said "accept my apology, old man, Here's my hand". Just a drop of this spirit would adjust the squabble and bring the Valverde blood back into the game. The first party to do the unbending will win the everlasting esteem of the fancy. Up in San Francisco resides a little lady, and we are proud to say it is Mrs. Walter Duncan, who has spent upwards of a year on this case. She has proven herself to be absolutely impartial in that she has offered no criticism on either side. She has sent petitions all over the United States for signatures asking for the reinstatement of Mr. Ellery. These petitions are so worded that no one is required to take sides in the issue but instead they simply express the wish of the signer that this gentleman be restored the rights of an exhibitor. The sincerity of Mrs. Duncan's efforts, the labor of the correspondence she has handled, and the justice of the cause she is working for are worthy of reward. Let that reward be the reinstatement of Mr. Ellery. Whether he asks that suspension be lifted, or the A. K. C. does it on their own hook the Fancy cares not. The Valverde blood lines are essential to the developement of the Collie, and the innocent exhibitor or breeder who has had no part in the disagreement should not be deprived of the right to better his strain by use of that stock.

The many friends of Dr. W. C. Billings, Surgeon-in-charge of the military hospital at Angel Island, and owner of the Bilmer Kennels, who has been seriously ill at San Francisco, is now convalescent, and will soon assume his responsible position with the government.

Mr. B. W. Thompson, manager of the Van Nuys hotel and famous for the Brentwood Frenchies, has also been confined to the hospital for some weeks. Mrs. Thompson tells us that her husband is now out of danger, and hopes he will be able to make the Long Beach show.

"Once beasts with men held kindly speech,
The woodman and the oak would parley,
The farmer seasonably preach
To nodding ears of wheat and barley.
Ah me! That grammar is forgot,
And narrower our modern lore is;
No tongues have now the polyglot
Save Literae Humaniores.
"So access to your li tle brain
I only get by winding channels;
What mysteries to you were plain
Had I the language of the kennels."
(Law's Ode To The Fox Terrier Raquet)

The Week in Society

The dinner party given Saturday evening, August 4, at Hotel del Coronado by John J. Hernan, in honor of Brig. Gen. Joseph H. Pendleton U. S. M. C. was one of the most exquisitely arranged affairs of the season. The table was laid in the small dining room, and was built around an Egyptian lotus pond, with blossoms of dull pastel tones growing amidst the leaves and moss, while in the center was a water lily pond, the delicate white and green lillies with their waxy leaves at the base of an electric fountain, which sent its slender sprays o'er a font of Tiffany glass, adding the artistic touch to the fairy effect. Banked about the edge of the snow white damask cloth was a low mound of green moss, and asparagus ferns, tiny electric globes in red, white, and blue arising from the moss and shedding a soft glow over the scene. Growing sword ferns and evergreens formed the garden about the ponds, striped arunda grasses and bay trees completing the picture; while tall Kentia palms in great bamboo casks flanked the room; and two immense American flags were draped over the doors. Hand painted scenes of Coronado and vicinity in pastel shades formed the place cards; and corsage bouquets of pink and white roses were the place favors for the ladies of the party. Those included were Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Pendleton, Admiral and Mrs. W. F. Fullam, Admiral and Mrs. Uriel Sebree, Captain and Mrs. Henry Norman Jenson, Maj. and Mrs. T. C. Turner, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Kissler, Mayor and Mrs. Louis J. Wilde, Lieut. and Mrs. R. G. Ervin, Mrs. Walter Hamlin Dupee, Mrs. Frank Wright of England, Mrs. E. S. Bogert, Mrs. A. S. Bagnoll, Mrs. Howson Cole, Mrs. Harry M. Holbrook, Mrs. A. T. Marix, Mrs. L. C. Bertolette, Mrs. John Twohy, Mrs. Royal Charles Colman, Mrs. Harold B. Wrenn, Miss June Braun, Col. A. L. Dade U. S. A., Frank Godfrey, Captain Charles B. McVay, Lieut. Reuben L. Walker U. S. N., Lieut. Matthias Evans Manly, U. S. N., Lieut. Robert Candee, U. S. A., Lieut. Herbert O. Roesch, U. S. N., Lieut. R. E. Dorr, U. S. N., Lieut. Thomas Andrew, U. S. N., Hugh Allen, James Walsh, George Chessman and Mr. Hernan.

Miss June Braun, the charming and attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Braun of Harvard Boulevard, who with her parents has been enjoying a delightful visit at Hotel del Coronado, entertained Monday evening with a yachting party. The guests left the Coronado boat house aboard the Glorietta at half past eight o'clock, and after cruising about for several hours returned to the hotel where a delicious supper was served in the grill, and dancing was enjoyed an hour to the strains of a Hawaiian orchestra, which also rendered a delightful program on the cruise. Twenty four guests were bidden, and Mr and Mrs. Braun chaperoned the party. Mr. and Mrs. Braun and their daughter will return to Los Angeles the latter part of the week, but are planning to come back to Hotel del Coronado before Miss Braun returns to New York this fall, where she will pass the winter continuing her art and sculpture studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Hunt, of Berkeley Square, and their small son Willis Jr., are enjoying a fortnight at Hotel del Coronado, having arrived there August 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells Morris, the latter formerly Miss Anita Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Thomas, and a bride of last winter, are guests for the week at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Hutchison, of New Hampshire avenue, motored down to Hotel del Coronado, August 4, and will remain for the month.

Mrs. G. A. Laubersheimer, Mrs. D. H. Laubersheimer, Mrs. Cleves Harrison, and Mrs. Walter Brown are among the Angelenos who enjoyed the week end at Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Walter L. Vail, accompanied by her two daughters, Miss Mary Vail and Miss Margaret L. Vail, are passing several days at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Von Blon, of Los Angeles, passed the week end at Hotel del Coronado. Mr. Von Blon who is connected with one of the Daily newspapers of Los Angeles, returned Monday morning, Mrs. Von Blon remaining for the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sheldon Reilley, and their small son James Sheldon jr., who have been sojourning at Hotel del Coronado for the past three weeks, returned to their home last Saturday morning. While at the Hotel, young Reilley passed the second milestone in his life's history, and the entire day was devoted to the young chap who was entertained to his heart's content.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Fitz Gerald, and their attractive small daughter Geraldine, have been guests at Hotel del Coronado for a month and have been joined by Mr. Fitz Gerald during the week ends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seyler Jr., of Los Angeles are enjoying a delightful vacation at Hotel del Coroando, having arrived Sunday August 5.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lipponcott, of West Adams street, passed the week end at Hotel del Coronado. Other Angelenos who have geen domiciled at the famous watering place include Mrs. J. A. Hayden, Thomas F. Hayden, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Crittenden, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hawes, Thomas Llewellyn, D. E. Llewellyn, Ross Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. H. Viereg, Miss V. Viereg, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. German, Ralph G. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Burdick, Mrs. M. Lockwood, Miss M. Berdu, C. Bedell, Mrs. Cornell, F. Lillyblade, Mrs. C. C. B.own, and Mrs. W. P. W Mar.in.

Mr. James Steele, of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha S. S. Company, San Francisco, is a guest this week at the Alexandria. Mr. Steele was formerly editor of the Pacific Golf and Motor, and prior to that was editor of the World Traveler de Luxe. He is in Los Angeles combining business with pleasure for a few days. He is expecting to join Mrs. Steele and son who spend a great deal of time at the Hotels Del Coronado and Virginia. Mr. Steele is one of the prominent younger business men of San Francisco and for a number of years past has been closely affiliated with the big tourist hotels on the Pacific coast in an advisory capacity. He is known as one of the best publicity experts in the West.

One of the most prominent families to register here this Summer include Mr. and Mrs. Chester Beatty and Miss Beatty. The Beatty's are well known in New York and maintain a home at 24 Kensington Place Gardens, London.

The theatrical world also is duly represented here at present by "The Only" Nat Goodwin, Blanche Ring and her husband, and the inimitable Al Jolson. The Alexandria is fast becoming most popular with the Army and Navy. The Lobby would no longer look natural without a scattering of men in army uniforms and Navy Blue Jackets, especially since so many of the popular male members of Los Angeles Society have enlisted in the Naval Reserve. Captain J. B. Alexander of the Aviation Corps stationed at San Diego is at the Alexandria, as are also Lieutenants H. Marquisan and R. M. Mairesse of the French Army who are spending some time in San Diego instructing embryo aviators at North Island.

Others of the prominent guests registered at the Alexandria are Vester F. P. Hart and two sons of The Hague, R. W. de Groot, The Hague, O. C. Van Lennef, Amsterdam, Holland; the Misses Caloline and Evelyn O'Keefe of Houston; Leonard T. Westcott, of Valparaiso Chile; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dunn and family, prominent San Francisco people; Earl Constantine, Field Secretary of the National Defense League; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stephens of Detroit; and Colonel and Mrs. Frank P. Holland of Dallas.

The summer is in full swing at Hotel El Mirasol, Santa Barbara, and luncheons, dinners, Card parties and teas are the order of the day.

On Wednesday of last week Mrs. George Kendall entertained ten at luncheon, with cards afterward in the cool and shaded patio. Miss Trimble gave a dinner of sixteen in the Peacock Room; and the patio was the setting for a merry lunch party given by Miss Pearl Chase in honor of a bride-to-be, and to announce the engagement of her brother, Mr. Harrold Chase, which took place a few days later, the bride being Mrs. Stearn of Montecito.

Baroness de Ropp gave a card party recently. Tea was served for twenty-four later in the afternoon, in the patio, which has been a favorite place for cards in these warm days, the green vines, blossoming shrubs and plashing foundation combining to make it a very alluring spot.

Mr. and Mrs. James Speyer, of New York, and Mrs. Chas. Wright, of Philadelphia returned to El Mirasol after a motor trip to the southern part of the state, and Mr. and Mrs. Speyer left for their New York home on Monday, the 6th, having made their plans to return to El Mirasol again next summer.

Recent Books

(*Continued from page 28*)

in idle gossiping. Well, no matter, Locke is Locke and all of his books are Lockian. Locke-lovers will greet his latest child and give it rousing welcome to the bookshelf. ("The Red Planet" by William J. Locke. The John Lane Company. New York.)

A REGRETTABLE feature of the war has been the attempt on the part part of German apologists to fasten upon civilian Belgians the responsibility for the acknowledged cruel measures adopted by the late General von Bissing and his subordinates. Imagination had run rampant in the framing and dissemination of stories of atrocities committed by the population of Belgium upon the chivalrous and noble warriors of of Germany. Some writers, feminine as well as masculine, actually worked themselves up into a state of indignation at the wrongs suffered by the heroic invaders. We have even a brochure, translated into English for circulation in this country, the Belgian People in War, a Violation of International Law. Mr. Fernand van Langenhove, Scientific Secretary of the Solvay Institute of Sociology of Brussels, has undertaken the task of running these fabrications to earth, and has di:charged it in a thorough and impartial manner. Belgian priests were the particular target for attack. Happily he was able fo secur the cooperation of Catholic organizations, which had survived the epoch of Kulturkampf. They devoted themselves to the defense of the reputation of the clergy. The German public had creduluosly accepted these stories and the state authorities had welcomed them. Even the Kaiser echoed them, and with his usual rhetorical effusiveness, made them the text in the famous telegram of September 8, 1914, sddressed to President Wilson, of terrible accusations against the Belgian clergy and people. A mass of them have been reduced to the status of legend by a German clergyman, Father Duhr, in his *Der Luegengeist in Voelker krieg Kriegsmaerchan*. Mr. Langenhove deals with the rest in a coldly impartial and thoroyghly scientific fashion that secures the goodwill of P o"essor Mark Baldwin, of Johns Hopkins University, one of our leading psychologists, who furnishes a preface to the translation.

(The Growth of a Legend; a study based upon the German Accounts of France-Tireurs and Atrocities in Belgium. By Fernand van Langenhove. Translated from the Belgian by E. B. Sherlock. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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of the
Bay Side Kennel Club

Long Beach Auditorium August 23, 24, 25

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The Making of Wills

By ALLAN HERRICK

WILLS are documents with which we do not ordinarily come in contact in the course of our daily living. To be sure, wills figure quite prominently in the newspapers. One can scarcely pick up a paper in which some mention of a will cannot be found. But what we may learn from the newspapers about wills is not of very great value to us, either in making a will or in broadening our general knowledge of the subject. For, from the standpoint of the newspaper reporter, a will has no value unless it has something the matter with it. If it has strange or peculiar provisions, or is drawn by an unusual person, or best of all if it is being contested, then it will appear in the newspapers. Otherwise, it is not considered to have news value.

This attitude of the newspapers toward wills has given rise to several current misconceptions about them. One is that wills are often contested and quite easily broken. Such is, however, not the case. Of the total number of wills drawn, but a very few are ever contested; a still smaller number are ever broken, and the vast majority of them perform the functions for which they were drawn as quietly and efficiently as any other legal document, and never find their way into the newspapers at all.

The number of those who depart from this world leaving no will is of course very large. But there are several reasons why this should be the case. The average man feels that he is kept quite busy enough planning to amass a fortune sufficient to meet this month's grocery bills, without worrying about the disposition of his micropscopic estate after he is dead. And even if he is successful in accumulating great riches, then he is apt to put off arrangements for the final disposition of his property, because of the worries and cares of keeping it safe from day to day. For, even at best, a man of wealth must trust his friends during his lifetime to some banker, who as Walt Mason says is merely

> "A gent who may elope with every cent and spend his days 'til life is done where extradition doesn't run."

So worry about the present safety of property, keeps many from pondering for its future protection and distribution.

Again, there are many who leave no will because they have no property to distribute. Out of every 100 men 65 die poor. Life insurance money lasts but five years on the average. Only ten out of every 100 die possessed of an estate of $5000.00. The majority of men of affairs in any community, however, plan for the distribution of their property by will, and of all the property in a community, which, informed persons tell us, possess through probate about once every 25 years, a great part passes by will.

As documents in which one may state one's last wishes for the protection of one's family, and for the final disposition of property left behind, wills date back to earliest times. To Biblical days we are told that Noah had a will. Jacob, too, had a will, for it is told that he left his son Joseph a portion above his brethern. Virgil M. Harris, of the St. Loius Bar, has made a long and interesting study of wills. The early Egyptians used wills, he says, as did the Romans, who were the first to seal them, to prevent forgery. The early French had wills, and wills were highly developed by the English, who had them drawn in triplicate, and a separate copy given to each of three custodians.

So wills have come down to us from earliest times, and to the student of human nature, they offer an inexhaustible mine of knowledge and information. For, as one writer says, "When a man undertakes the writing of his will he bares his heart and his conscience as he does on no other occasion." It is a man's last chance. and sham and pretense are thrown to the winds. We find every human emotion expressed in wills—love, ambition, pride, hate, bitterness, anger, jealously, "every emotion from saintly benevolence to malignant revenge." It is a matter of much hope to those who look forward to a civilization more perfect and more nearly ideal, that men who have studied wills over long periods of time, declare that the mean and ugly in wills are disappearing and that the race is apparently becoming more friendly and virtuous as the years go by.

One of the most beautiful wills ever written is that alleged to have been penned by one Charles Lounsberry, who died worth many millions, but who held his wealth to be of little value when he came to die. In his first paragraph Mr. Lounsberry proceeds to dispose of that portion of his property which is known and recognized in the sheep bound volumes as his property very shortly, but all else in the world which he has enjoyed he proceeds to dispose of as he sees fit, among boys and girls. lovers and maidens, and the "fathers and mothers with snowy crowns." To children, inclusively, he leaves "the flowers of the field and the blossom of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children." He leaves them also "the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon, and the train of the milky way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights herewith given to lovers."

To boys he devises jointly "all the useful idle fields and commons, where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, and all meadows, with the clover blossom and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds, and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found," and he gives to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance."

To lovers he gives "their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love."

Lastly, to those "loved ones with snowy crowns," he bequeaths "the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."

Expressions of love and affection are very common in wills. Those who from the prevalence of martial unhappiness feel that the love of olden times is disappearing, would feel their hope renewed to read the many expressions of tenderness and love from husband to wife, and from wife to husband, which appear in wills. One of the most famous incidents of this occurred in the will of Lady Palmerston, an ancestress of the famous premier. She says of her husband in her will: "As you have long held my heart and tenderest affection, and fondest wishes have ever been yours, so is everything else that I possess." A majority of wills leave all the property to the surviving spouse.

While expressions of love and affection are common in wills, they are not universal. Witness this sample submitted from the experience of Samuel Scoville, Jr., from whose booklet on wills several of the illustrations in this address are taken: "I direct that before else is done, fifty cents (50c) be paid to my son-in-law, E. T. Child,

to enable him to buy for himself a good stout rope with which to hang himself, and thus rid the world of one of the most infamous scoundrels that ever roamed this broad land or dwelt outside a pententiary."

Mr. Harris tells of a Scotch doctor who died and left funds to his wife because she left him, thus causing him much happiness in his declining years.

A bachelor arranged for an equitable division of his property among three maiden ladies, to whom he had proposed, saying that to that fact he owed, no doubt, a great portion of his earthly happiness.

Of course there are many strange provisions to be found in wills,—that an heir shall or shall not marry, or shall or shallnot wear a moustache, and similar things of that sort. These provisions are, however, disappearing from the wills of modern folk, and the modern California will is pretty much of a business document.

To understand why wills are drawn in California, it is necessary to understand somewhat of the laws of descent in the event that no will is left. The law expects you to make a will, but in the event that you do not, provision is made for the disposition of your property according to statute.

A married man in California has two kinds of property, separate property and community property. What a man or woman has before marriage and that acquired thereafter by gift, devise or descent, is their separate property. All other is common property. When a man dies in this state, one-half of the community property passes to the wife, beyond his power to will away. All other property he may, however, dispose of as he chooses in a will. If he does not make a will, his property passes as follows: His half of the community passes to his descendants, if there be any, if not, to his father and mother; if one be dead, then to the other; and if both be dead, then to the brothers and sisters,—the children taking by right of representation. Separate property, both in the case of a married man or woman, passes as follows: If there are no children, one-half to the surviving spouse, and one-half to the father and mother. If there is one child, one-half to the child, and one-half to the surviving spouse. If there are two or more children, one-third to the surviving wife or husband, and two-thirds to the children. It will be seen that in no case does all the property pass to the wife in the event of the husband's death, when no will is left.

One of the reasons why wills are drawn in California is in order that all the property may be left to the wife, which is very easily arranged for in a will. The wife is usually the most dependent of those a man leaves behind. It is she whom he has sworn to protect and defend, so far as he is able. Many men draw wills in California for no other reason than that they may thus leave all their property to their wife, and in other ways provide for her proper care and protection.

(CONTINUED AUG. 20.)

Investing in Bonds

By Julian Langner

See that the property has Income—first—last—and all the time. It is pretty safe to say that any bond investment made upon any un-improved real estate is a good bond to keep away from. A good first mortgage bond should be secured upon improved property and the improvements should produce income to pay all the interest and provide a sinking fund for the re-payment of the loan when it expires. A good bond rarely, if ever exceeds two-thirds of the value of the property securing a loan.

A good many people, particularly in the south-west, have been in the thab of investing funds upon first mortgages, and many of them have had the bitter experience of having to foreclose and then find that their property was not worth the amount they had loaned on it. There is no necessity for this. Everybody of course, makes mistakes at times, but good business judgment used in buying of bonds will always demand that property securing a bond issue produces sufficient income to take care of every contingency which might arise.

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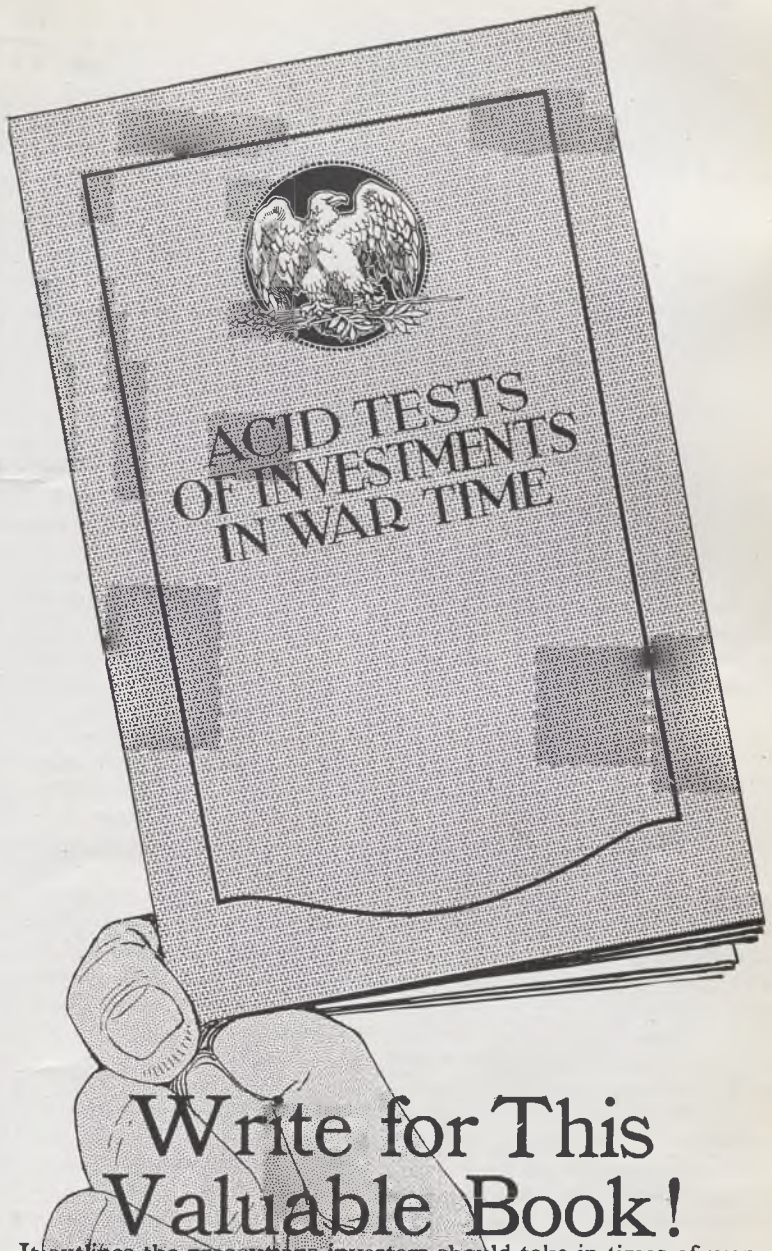

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Plays and Players

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

play his work lacked sincerity and was entirely too superficial. There was no excuse for this as he has a rich speaking voice and ability. Joseph Eggenton and Miss Fair played their small roles excellently, and on the whole the Morosco production of "That Day" was most creditable. Mr. Anspacher made a graceful little speech after the second act all about Cinderella. But shades of De Laboule, will not some kind fairy godmother break the silly convention of the author's speech, as it is always an anti-climax no matter how good it happens to be, and I have never yet seen an author who looked entirely happy over his curtain-call.

"PAMELA"

AT THE Majestic Theatre last week there was seen one of the worst geographic mix-ups in the history of the drama. In Pamela we were forced to sit through four long acts, our only desire being to see the stage settings that are to come. During the progress of the play one visited respectively, Waikiki, Hawaii; Tsuboyama, Japan; Hong Kong, China; and was finally transported to the mountains of Alberta, Canada.

Pamela is the sort of character that never would, and never could exist. She is so unconventional that she leaves home and husband (an old man) to seek happiness in the Orient. Her prime motive for this is that she does not care to be the recipient of the old man's kisses, and hence, trying to make the general public believe that the chandelier fell on his head and killed him, she rambles on and on saying nothing, yet taking much time. She says that she doesn't want to be married, she denies that she is married, and pretty soon she will forget that she is married!

Eleanor Painter is one of the most appealing of actresses. Her voice, both singing and speaking, is beautiful and is one of the saving graces in the play. She struggled hard to make Pamela a possibility; but even her radiant personality could not pull the part through. Her song numbers were rare treats, and we are sincerely sorry that Mr. Morosco did not have a few more songs written for her while he was about it.

Elmer Ballard as Fah-Ni, the Chinese servant, created a character masterpiece, which, in fact, was so good that one would hardly know that the part is played by any other than a Celestial. Mine Tadahuma as Pamela's little Japanese maid, and George Kuwa as the Nipponese inn-keeper, were truly marvelous actors.

Pamela is probably an Englishman's idea of comedy, but it is certainly not up to our American standards either of comedy or of drama. Sir Granville Barker once said "you cannot have art and twenty-five percent"—evidently the goal for which the author, Mr. Chester B. Fernald, was striving when he turned out this play.

EXTRAVAGANZA according to Webster is "A composition, as in music, designed to produce effect by its wild irregularity; especially, a musical caricature." Well, this is as good a criticism as can be written of "Robinson Crusoe, Jr." which opened at the Mason on the 30th ult. The "effect" produced was not altogether pleasing from every point of view, for music it has none, singers were conspicuous by their absence, and the chorus while anatomically perfect had evidently not recovered from the effects of the Fresno heat. When Al Jolson after his opening number finds time to respond to the salvos of applause he merely says ,in his inimitable fashion "Wait —you aint heard nothing yet", you hope for better things to come, but when after his final number he repeats the same cautionary remark—you quite agree with him. But then, why expect too much in a show of this kind? As a vehicle for amusement on a warm summer night, and a background for the infectious humor of Al Jolson, it is a howling success. Without this peer of all the black-face comedians of the present generation, "Robinson Crucoe, Jr." would indeed be tame. He is so exuberant, so spontaneous, so wonderfully magnetic, so "Collieresque" in his humor, that he stage seems empty when he is absent from it. Jolson has reached perfection in black-face work and has shown such marked ability that he will some day probably attain a similar success in straight comedy parts. One of the puzzles of the evening was the placing of that remarkably clever actor Lawrence D'Orsay. Of course what little he has to do is done exceedingly well, but one feels that he himself is extremely bored by the whole proceeding. Claude Flemming gave a very creditable performance, and Kitty Doner demonstrated that she is as sprightly and vivacious as ever. As a whole the settings were worth while, but the lighting effects were poor, and it is still a mystery why a concoction of this kind succeeds, and an excellent production like the "Masked Model" did not draw a corporal's guard. The answer must be Al Jolson, who is personality plus.

THE new bill at the Orpheum is along comedy lines; the featured act being "Rubevulle", which at once announces its own atmosphere and calibre. Harry B. Watson and Jere Delaney are the principals, and a large company, all of men, support them in portraying types found in a crossroads town.We find in Princess Kalmaa, a true exponent of the real Hawaiian dances, including the genuine Hula-hula; and her coming, with her own troupe of native Hawaiians, dancers and musicians, is an event. "Motor Boating" is a laughable take off on this great sport, featuring Tom McRae and a capable crew. Countess Nardini is an Italian noblewoman who manipulates the accordeon with skill and grace, as well as with great musical results, and Harry Carroll, the youthful exponent of his own songs, remains another week with new material, as do Hugh Herbert & Co. in "The Prediction", and ElCleve & O'Connor with a bit o' Scotch and the xylophone.

DUSTIN Farnum will make his first appearance under the William Fox banner in the vivid picturization of Mabelle Heikes Justice's virle story of the Southwest "Durand of the Bad Lands" at Miller's Theater for a week beginning Sunday. In it Mr. Farnum lives up to his beat work either on stage or screen. Here he is full of that strong manhood that has made him known and loved all over the country.

Mr. Farnum has done no better work on the screen than he has accomplished in "Durand of the Bad Lands". He has a story with many thrills. He is supported by a brilliant cast headed by Winfred Kingston, Tom Mix and little Frankie Lee.

A MOST important theatrical event from the standpoint of stock patronage, will be the first presentation in Los Angeles of "The Cinderella Man" at the Morosco theatre, beginning with tomorrow's matinee. This production, is declared to be the legitimate successor to "Peg o' My Heart", and was first produced by Mr. Morosco at the Hudson theatre, in New York two years ago, where it had a wonderful run of one solid year. Mr. Morosco has personally supervised the rehearsals, and will offer it as an introductory vehicle for the new leading woman, Minna Gombel, who is here from New York to add youth and beayty to the Morosco forces. Richard Dix, will play the leading male role.

Notes and Half Notes

(*Continued from page 26*)

BOSTON was thrilled last month by the spectacular performance of "Caliban" at the Harvard Stadium. The original ten performances were lengthened by nearly as many more, and the Red Cross was the beneficiary.

Gareth Hughes, who was seen in the performances of Everyman, last winter, had the role of Ariel, and was heard as well, the following quotation from the critic of Musical America asserts. Concerning his beautiful English diction. Says Henry Gideon:

"To hear Gareth Hughes instruct Caliban to listen to his pianist for the vanished Miranda you would never guess that this young Welshman has been speaking English for only a very few years. It is a beautiful voice and a beautiful diction. While Gareth Hughes lives, none need say again that only a woman can portray the spirit Ariel."

PUBLICITY is a nice thing — it brings income. Any sort of a sentiment that will bring an artist publicity is welcomed. Here is one from Kitty Cheatham: "There is no other power which will accomplish world unity as quickly, effectively, and permanently as music, community singing, the expression of the same pure thoughts sung in unity by the people.

All right; let the nations get their people together and sing, in unison, songs of the "Old Black Joe," "Swanee River" and "Home Sweet Home" stripe, and Hey, Presto! there comes about "world unity," love and peace! Think again, Kitty; you're good to look at, but———.

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"RUBEVILLE," Harry B. Watson and Jere Delaney
PRINCESS KALAMA & CO., "Echoes of Kilauea"
"MOTOR BOATING," Tom McRae & Crew
COUNTESS NARDINI, Accordeon
HUGH HERBERT & CO., "The Prediction"
EL CLEVE & O'CONNOR, "Bit of Scotch"
HARRY CARROLL, in His Own Songs

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